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July
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Vol. XV
No. 7

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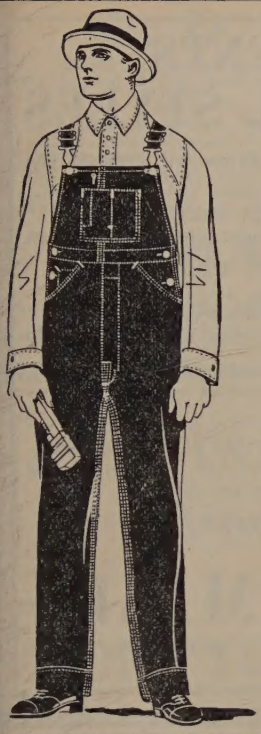

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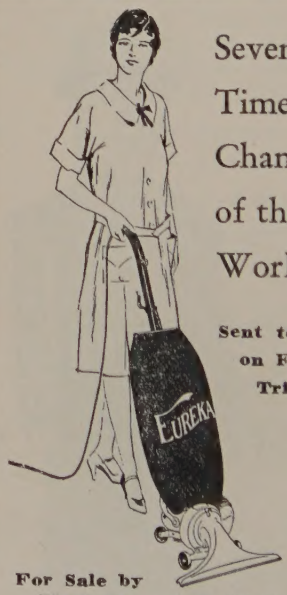

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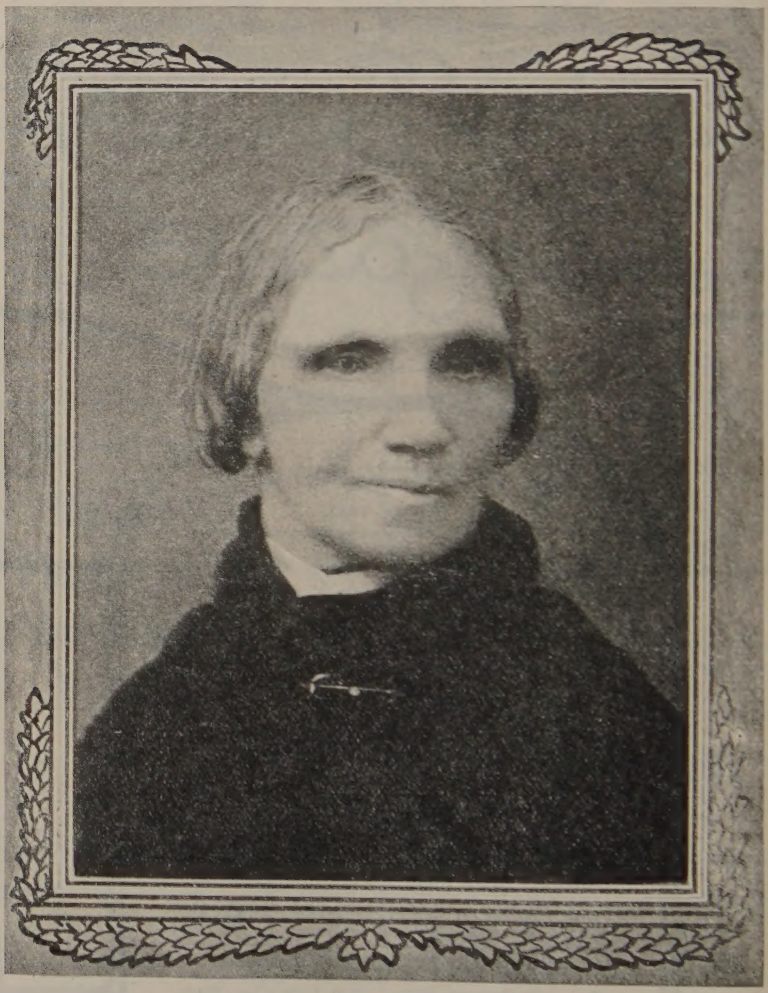

MARY ANN LEACH ADAMS

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XV JULY, 1928 No. 7

Mary Leach Adams

A Pioneer of Parowan

By Fay Ollerton

Mary Ann Leach Adams!

I remember her only as a vague, bent figure who sat in a high-backed chair and waved a palm leaf fan. She always carried a bag of peppermints in the copious pockets of her full black skirt, and I have never been able to disassociate the smell of her candy from aged things and quiet, darkened corners. In our red plush-covered album there is a picture of her: a sweet-faced elderly woman with intelligent eyes set far apart in her face and soft folds of gray hair parted in the middle and drawn loosely over the sides of her head in the fashion of long hair today.

On the night she died I slept alone and cried for someone to stay with me. These few memories, coupled with the spicy odor of carnations—brought all the way from Salt Lake to Parowan in the cold of winter for her funeral—are the only recollections that survive in me.

Yet she was once a tall, beautiful girl with the black hair and blue eyes of her native Ireland; a girl unafraid and generous, who dared to leave a fine home for the rigors of an ill-reputed religion and an unknown country. Accompanied by her husband, two small sons, and a few other families, she made the slow trek by oxen from Illinois to Salt Lake a few months before the gold rush. Not much later she was one of the first white women to leave the comparative safety of Salt Lake for the dangers and isolation of Southern Utah. Here she raised a family of five tall sons and three daughters, all God-fearing and obedient, but daring to think and act for themselves.

Of the slim pioneer woman who saw the red mud wall rise about the ten-acre fort on Center Creek and soon to be called Parowan, I have heard much; but the girl back in County Down

is harder to see. My grandfather, William Adams, wrote in his autobiography only this:

"On the — day" (how true to his sex that he forgot the exact day), "I took to me Mary Ann Leach to be my wife. She was a bonnet maker by trade and carried on the business in Hillsborough."

Not one word that she was the daughter of a man in comfortable circumstances, a girl, who at twenty, tired of nothing to do in a servant-cared-for home, and in a manner quite of the twentieth century, left her parental roof to learn the ways of independence—and incidentally bonnet making. Whether she was a good milliner in her short apprenticeship I have never heard. I know that she forsook the trade willingly enough when a serious and good young man of her new faith came along and preached the necessity of marriage.

Perhaps, after all, bonnet making was not her solemn purpose in life. She was to make plenty of them in the years to come, but they were destined to be of calico.

At any rate, she came away with the young man and sailed for the adventurous states on the bark, "Fanny." While she waited in Liverpool, a fortune-telling woman warned her that if she stepped on this same "Fanny" in quest of the godless religion, she would never again see land. This prediction made no difference to my intrepid grandmother. She was unafraid in her faith (as one of her descendants I believe the prospects of the adventurous life in the new world had something to do with her decision) and only waxed in confidence when at a farewell meeting of the Saints in Liverpool another woman arose and promised that Sister Mary Ann would have one of the shortest and safest voyages ever made up to the year 1843. And there, in my grandfather's record, is a note of five weeks from Liverpool to New Orleans to prove the trueness of the prophecy. Five weeks with only three days of wind blowing against the "Fanny," and New Orleans in the Spring!

What Mary Ann thought of that picturesque city, I do not know. She may have been too busy caring for her lusty son to have many impressions; but William wrote: "New Orleans is a wonderful city for negroes and mules, mud and cotton. And what astounded me was the amount of cigars that were strewn on the sidewalks, some one-half to three-quarters used, and many that were not used."

He was half Scotch, and she was soon to learn his thrifty ways.

It was the long voyage from the coast city to Nauvoo, the beautiful, in the "Maid of Iowa," partly owned by the Prophet, that I have heard of. The voyage was one of mishaps and persecutions and took as long a time as the "Fanny" did in crossing the Atlantic. Also it was a time to test the mettle of the future pioneer woman. Part way up the river, the supplies and

money gave out; fire was set to the boat by enemies; and fever held her husband to his bed. Once she was obliged to join a group of women and go begging along the shores. Beg! when she was more used to commanding and claimed descent from a princess!

But of the ending she was one with her husband when he said: "I cannot express the joy and pleasure we enjoyed in first beholding the city of Nauvoo, where we could see the prophet of God, and we were not disappointed." They were not disappointed, and young William had ten cents in his pockets—his wife a few silk dresses from Belfast.

Hard times were before them. "I had worked on the Temple four weeks," wrote my grandfather, who was anxious to keep his family within the sound of the Prophet's voice, "and received no pay, so very little tithing had been taken at the Temple door. By selling and trading some of our clothing and other things that we could best do without, I was enabled to buy shorts from Brother Newell Knight, who owned a small grist mill on the banks of the Mississippi River. This might be considered hard fare by those who had been brought up on the very finest of flour; we were satisfied to have enough of that and not complain, as it was the desire of our hearts to serve God and keep his commandments in adversity and prosperity."

Yet when they left Nauvoo my grandfather turned the key on "as comfortable a little home as a woman would care to have." Evidently the keeping of commandments prospered them.

Because of the perilous conditions of living at Nauvoo after the martyrdom, and the increased difficulties of saving money for the Western migration, William wandered about Illinois as a carpenter, a stone quarrier, and a laborer at the state capitol in Springfield. Mary Ann stayed with him and by May, 1849, in less than two years, they, by being "very saving with our means," had nearly five hundred dollars. Though the routine of housework still irked her, she was fast learning thrift, and she carried some of her Belfast gowns on that summer's trek over the Plains and Rockies.

Once in Salt Lake, she set up housekeeping in a log cabin. The first spring she aided her husband in the planting of four acres of wheat. That little green patch in the gray wastes was all they could count on to carry them through the second winter. One day William came reluctantly into the cabin. The seed he had planted was a winter grain and the crop was useless.

I am not certain what she said to him. She was high-spirited and quick of tongue—after the true Irish style—and she was thinking of her children. If she reproached him, she told him in the next breath that he had not been responsible and that "somehow" they would manage. Then she reminded him that due to

his foresight back in Illinois they still had a few provisions and tradeable things left from the immigration. It was no balm to the young couple that the gold rush was at its height in a short time and flour sold for twenty-five dollars a hundred pounds and was scarce at that.

In the fall of 1850, Brigham Young arose in Conference to say that men had been chosen to develop Southern Utah, where vast wealth in iron lay. William was among the number, and his wife waited just long enough for him to build a log cabin and plant some grain before she joined him. The valley with its red and purple hills, silver sage, and pale strip of a lake, was not the abode she had dreamed of when she left her green Ireland; but she did not speak of turning back.

Of her coming, Grandfather wrote: "It was a great relief to me, as I had been keeping batch seven months with Samuel Hamilton."

After this settlement in Parowan, times were never so hard again. Only one year contained real hardships—real hardships meaning danger of dying from exposure or lack of food—and that was in '55, when the grasshoppers destroyed all the crops in the Territory. But Mary Ann and William, with their same keen foresight, had purchased a large supply of wheat from a family bound for the gold fields of California.

The whole community came to appreciate their deal.

From now on there were many partings between my grandparents. William was off to start the plowing along the Rio Virgin; to cut granite for the mother Temple; now to provide strongholds in that suspense-holding year of '57; and then for a long mission back to the States. While he was gone, my grandmother supervised her sons and saw that the growing lands and flocks did not suffer. She taught her daughters to knit, cord and spin, to cook and to sew tastefully—and to wash dishes. They were never to be handicapped as she had been.

And above all, she taught her children to be scrupulously honest and to love work.

Many things she knew were lacking in their lives, and she did her best to supply the vacancies. Always an avid reader, she urged her children to appreciate the things she did. Mail then was an infrequent thing at the best, but she subscribed for the old *Saturday Evening Post*, the *New York Ledger*, *Harpers' Weekly*, *The Deseret Evening News*, and a boy's magazine. When these periodicals came the whole family gathered around the hearth while someone read aloud the fate of the continued heroine.

It was a keen disappointment to her that her children could not be educated as her brothers had been. She sent her boys and girls down the north street to the log school house, where they learned declamations out of McGuffey's Reader, and spelling

from the blue-back, but she could do no more until her youngest son was becoming a long-legged adolescent. He was a boy of gentle manners and inclined to be studious. As he grew older, she hoarded the money from her yellow butter and white eggs to pay his board at the University in Salt Lake. Later, with the aid of his brothers, she sent him to a famed Eastern school. One of the greatest joys of her life came when he returned to Salt Lake and became an able and loved lawyer of that city. Although she loved her other children unselfishly, he was her "good boy."

As she was ambitious for her children's education, so she was solicitous that they be reared in a home of pleasant surroundings. For a long time she was forced to be content with the few pieces of furniture her son James brought home with him from his expeditions across the Plains, and the rough work of the Pumi —local for Parowan United Manufacturing Institution, if my memory has not failed me. One autumn she made great quantities of soft soap—and no woman, unless she has her beginning in pioneer times, can realize the labor that meant. When the soap was done, she took her son Hugh for a driver and set out on the two-hundred and fifty mile drive to Salt Lake. In the city the hardest task—the peddling from house to house—still confronted her. But the woman and the boy drove over the city streets in their homespun clothes, and when the last of the soap was gone, they went to the old Dinwoodey's. The green upholstered furniture that they carried over the rough roads was a pride and comfort for many years. It was "Mother's furniture" and treated as such.

With hospitality she was lavish. The fall and spring caravans of Brigham Young on his way to and from Dixie, were the eventful days. Her house was always overflowing with beds and food supplies, and she listened to the talk she had hungered for. Daniel Wells was one of the favorites she entertained. No traveler from the old country, pioneer or tramp, was ever denied welcome. Anyone speaking the brogue of North Ireland was entertained in the same way that she would have entertained the president of the Church. The many friends Mary Ann and William had made in their pilgrimages about the country seldom failed to seek them out. The boys of the Nauvoo Legion made the Adams home their place of rest when they came south. And visiting in those days of slow speed was no simple luncheon or overnight affair.

Energy and ambition did not fail her, even when a sickness in middle age confined her to the adobe house that had been built in front of the log one. While she was able, she and William were among the first at the town dances, dressed in the finest they could afford and accompanied by the children. Dancing was not then a half night's entertainment. People came in the afternoon and stayed until daybreak. And the family didn't lie in bed next morning either.

But even the vigor of a pioneer woman who has given her life to battling with the elements and rearing children to meet the conditions she has placed them in, gives out. When she was eighty years old, she died, content to go, and her children about her. Much that she had wanted, life had denied her. In the face of privation she had struggled to keep from compromises and to maintain her pride intact and bright.

Though most of her sons and daughters have joined her, she is still a power among her grandchildren and great grandchildren, most of whom she has not seen. "You have the look or a mannerism of Grandmother Adams," is the highest compliment any girl of her family can receive. The shadowy figure is potent yet.

Sagebrush

By A. C. Sorensen

There's a place out West where sagebrush grows,
A valley wide where the wild wind blows,
And my thoughts are ever there.
The gray sage calls and I want to go
Back where it grows, for I love it so,
Where its strong scent fills the air.

Today, out there I would like to be,
Where free winds play o'er the wide, gray sea
Of the sagebrush there on the plain.
There are times it seems I can smell it here—
When the sun goes down and the stars appear—
As it smells just after a rain.

The city breezes are scented with rose
And tropical flowers; but I'd give all those
For one sage breath, wild and free.
The pinyon pines and the junipers grow,
And sego lilies on the hill-sides blow,
In that valley where I would be.

Tonight, 'neath the stars I have made my bed.
I rest on the earth, all my longings have fled—
I'm back; no more will I roam.
There is peace where I lie, for sage scents the air,
It caresses and soothes me, dispelling all care.
The sagebrush has called me home.

Robbed by Wolves

A True Story

(An incident in the life of President Heber J. Grant's father, Jedediah M. Grant.)

By Carter E. Grant

"Oh sing me a song of the mountain peaks,
Or sing of the canyons deep;
Yes, sing me a song, ye west winds, sing
As I lie 'neath the stars to sleep."[1]

Note: Those wishing to know more about the thousands of home-seekers that passed ahead of the Mormons over the Oregon Trail and Northwest from Fort Bridger should read, *Trans Mississippi West*, by Goodwin, pp. 310-321. Also, *Economic Beginnings of the Far West*, by Corman, p. 163—Public Library or U. of U.

The late August sun had browned to a frazzle the prairies of western Nebraska. The huge caravans moved on over the "Dead Lands" of eastern Wyoming slumbering in summer silence. The arid country had now become a white and yellow clay-belt. The early bunch-grass which had served well the Utah and Oregon caravans had now withered into stump-like sticks.

A hundred twenty-five miles westward from Fort Laramie, where the Platte swings off due south, the Oregon trail takes a south-westerly line across alkali flats toward Independence Rock on the Sweet Water River, some 838 miles from Independence, Missouri, and some hundred miles from South Pass. On this "No Man's Land" of rumpled wastes and deceiving distances, among the alkaline swales and bluffs and ravines, our story opens, with Captain Jedediah M. Grant's huge company in the very heart of their one-thousand-mile trek toward the unknown place to which Brigham Young had headed his earlier company. June, July and August could each tell a grim story of the long days of summer travel. For the first time the Rockies began rising out of the distance. Toward them, they were bound. Into their very midst they would go, seeking an abode 'neath towering peaks where their inspired prophet should declare, "This is the place!"

This second exodus was a modern Israel! A string of wagons number 580, drawn by 2,213 oxen and 124 horses. Herded along with all, were 887 cows, 358 sheep; fastened to the wagons were coops containing 716 chickens and 35 hogs. Somewhat mixed in

[1] *Lariat*, June, 1925—George F. Herrick, Salt Lake writer.

with this grand melody of prattling hens and crowing roosters, bleating sheep and lowing oxen, neighing steeds and bawling cows, bellowing calves and squealing pigs, were 1,553 human souls; men, women and children, all doing their level best to enjoy the scorching scenery and the scanty rations, doled out morning, noon, and night. Although there were many divisions, captains and supervisors, still upon the head leaders rested problems of constant worry and generalship. As most of the pilgrims, tanned and tired, trudged tediously in step with the toiling teams, too tired and jaded to travel far or fast—the caravan at its best proved a slow one. And now that the host was in the midst of alkaline and brackish watering places, repugnant and offensive, almost poisonous to man and beast, this slowness of itself, rapidly developed dangers not to be trifled with. More than 5000 Oregon Immigrants, with their flocks and herds, had already passed this way; and as spruce and pine during the winter season but emphasize the nakedness of the other trees, so the signs of early grass and fire-wood spoke, advisedly, confirming Brigham Young's declaration, "Follow us as soon as possible; late companies are bound to suffer."

Not alone were grass and fire-wood gone, but on every hand lay the remains of poorly equipped Oregon companies which had been passing over the trail for the past four years. I now quote from Parkman,[3] who spent considerable time on the Oregon Trail in the late "40's." In these years, when this host of emigrants went over the trail, it became littered with bedding, stoves, furniture, trunks—all thrown away by travelers to lighten their load. One may yet sometimes see the scattered wreckage of ancient clawfooted tables, well waxed and rubbed; or massive bureaus of carved wood. These, some of them, no doubt, the relics of ancestral prosperity in colonial days, must have encountered strange vicissitudes. Brought, perhaps, originally from England; then, with the declining fortunes of their owners, borne across the Alleghanies to the wilderness of Ohio and Kentucky; then to Illinois or Missouri; and now at last fondly stowed away for the interminable journey to Oregon. But the stern privations of the way are little anticipated. The cherished relic is thrown out to scorch and crack on the hot prairie." With profusion, lavishly piled on, had the former companies left their dead animals strung through these miles of alkaline stretches. Where the sick animals fell, there they were left to die, while the following outfits steered their sniffling oxen past the various carcasses. The water, the

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[3]Parkman, *The Oregon Trail*, Little, Brown and Company—Public Library, also U. of U. Library. Also see "The Great Trail" in *The Pathbreakers From River to Ocean*, Hebard, The Lakeside Press, Chicago. All Libraries.

trail and camping places, were excessively contaminated by these dead beasts which were now putrefying in the boiling sun.

My grandmother, Susan, who later became the wife of President Jedediah Morgan Grant, was then a black-eyed, plump and jolly Miss of fifteen summers. As her adopted father, Bates Nobles, was a body guard to the Prophet Joseph, Susan had sat upon the Prophet's knee many times and had listened with burning interest to wonderful statements regarding Zion and its future. More than once she had carried secret messages from the Prophet after he had written them and pinned them in her clothes, saying, "Susan, carry this to Hyrum. Guard it with your life." Well, as she was here in this company, I shall give you the first-hand story as she has many times told it to us children. (*Note*: Grandmother died when I was about thirty years of age, so my information is not childish memory.)

We shall not go back to Nauvoo or Winterquarters even, but start right here in the first week of September. "Oh," she would exclaim, "that smell was terrible, especially when it was seasoned with the nasty water. It was enough to kill us all—man and beast. Even to this day, at the scent of carrion, I am carried backward to those days on the plains. We didn't blame the travelers ahead of us so very much, for we could do but little better for those who were to follow us, but we did, however, drag off all dead critters from the camping places."

"My, how we boys and girls worked day after day to keep our cows and sheep from taking too large a dose at one time of this brackish water. The weather was so hot, though, and the animals increased in their thirst by the salty country, that in spite of our poundings and pleadings, they would gorge themselves upon the morbific, soap-bubbley stuff and then almost immediately begin being sick. An epidemic of cholera had broken out, spreading first among the animals and then attacking the people, especially the children. As the days passed and the conditions grew no better, the malady increased in severity. I remember one afternoon when our best milch cow stretched out and died. This was the first of our animals to go. All through camp, oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, and even the chickens were affected alike. As the human sick list grew, greater loads were added to the weary cattle. Oh, it was just terrible! the vomiting and purging and knife-like cramps that sapped the vitality in just a few hours, bringing some of the strongest to the wagons and keeping them there for days and finally leaving them pale and weak.

"But hope was before us; Sweet Water, they declared, was just a day or so ahead. This was a clear, sparkling river running eastward from the Rockies. As our wagon was close to Captain Grant's, I remember how worried he was and how he prayed

at our evening meetings that the animals and people would be spared to reach our new home in the mountains. But I guess, he didn't pray much harder'n some of the women folks, for they had charge of a number of the outfits, hitching and unhitching the oxen and waiting on the sick as well. You see, their husbands and oldest sons, having left the year before with the Mormon Battalion, were now fighting to help bring into the Union the land toward which we were headed. Brigham Young was so sure that all the country westward would belong to the United States, that he kept your grandfather from joining the first company by sending him east on important business; instructed him to buy material for a huge Stars and Stripes flag that should wave over our new homes toward the Pacific. This cloth was later made into the Mammoth Flag that waved for years over Salt Lake City.

"Just next to us, in the daily line of march, was Eliza R. Snow, Levi Edgar Riter and his wife Elizabeth. I speak of Sister Riter because, about the first of June, just as we were preparing to leave Winter Quarters, her baby Elizabeth was born. Most of us thought she would stay and come the next year, but she told her husband, "No, sir. Fit up the tires and make ready. I can travel the day they start." This baby, you may know, became the mother of Levi Edgar Young.

"As I was saying, we were close to Captain Grant. His wife Caroline, was exceptionally kind to me, inviting me often to fix our supper with her. Then in the evening, as I helped tend Sister Grant's two little girls, Caroline, two years, and Margaret, six months, I was regularly charmed with Brother Grant's talks, many of which were from his experiences with the Prophet Joseph. At times, as he spoke, he seemed to be so filled with the inspiration of heaven, that all present thrilled with emotions of testimony. We young people often had the chance to express our own feelings in these little meetings about the prairie camp fires. Oh, children, you do not know how happy we were, even during these severe days of hardest trials! As young as I was, I knew the Gospel had been restored. More than once I had heard Joseph declare that our Heavenly Father and his Son Jesus, the resurrected Savior, had come and talked with him To this day this testimony has never left me. And when I am gone, I want you to tell this to your children and grandchildren.

"Let me stop here," begged grandmother, "for the next part of the story is so sad." But at our request she continued: "In spite of our faith and prayers, while we were still in the saleratus country, several children died. Think of holding a little short service, moving forward and leaving the fresh mound in the dim distance. Mothers' hearts were almost broken at such trials.

"Sorrow now visited our Captain's wagon. As Sister Grant had not been very well for several days, little Margaret got the

cholera and by sundown she was seized with violent spasms. I was so worried, I stayed close by their wagon while I took care of "Caddie," as we all called the oldest girl. As night came on, Margaret grew worse. About mid-night I was sent to my bed, but later as I looked out, I could still see the parents, accompanied by Sisters Snow and Riter and Brother and Sister Noble, working with the child by the fire on the sheltered side of their wagon.

"The hot weather had brought on a thunder storm, the first for days. A terrible wind was springing up from the west, driving the lose clay-dust before it. In just a few minutes the downpour was upon us. The fires sizzled briefly and were forced out; everyone hurried for shelter. The gale, resembling a hurricane, roared through the country with terrific speed, bringing sheet-like columns of rain in alarming force against the wagon. Several tents were toppled over and almost blown away, while the drenched occupants in their night clothing raced to safer abodes. The storm seemed to be coming from the mountains. After a little it slackened, yet it kept up most of the night. Worried but weary, I finally went off to sleep.

The next morning when I awoke, the sun was shining brightly on my wagon cover. Margaret flashed immediately into my mind. I quickly sat up. No one else had been to bed in our wagon. I was ashamed that I had gone to sleep. Outside I could hear low voices, and I learned that we were to move on to the Sweet Water before making breakfast. Just then, from the wagon next to ours, I heard little Caddie calling, half lonesome-like, for her mother. I was only half dressed but I was soon ready, and scrambling out, stood for a moment looking about from the wagon tongue. One quick glance and I read part of the sorrow the night had left behind. Over on the side of a rolling clay hill about a stone's throw away, and half surrounded by people, principally women, was a new little mound. Nearer me, the men were busy in the slippery clay, hitching up the cattle for moving. Climbing quickly into Sister Grant's wagon, I threw myself by the side of Caddie, sobbing as only a heart-broken girl can. After a little, I heard the folks returning. Then, as I waited, I thought of that cold burial, and I knew there had been no material for a box of any sort—oh, it was terrible!

"Brother Grant's animals were now hitched to his wagon. I then heard Brother Riter suggest quietly, 'Brother Grant, Sister Riter will ride with Caroline and Caddie this morning. Caroline is not well and must be relieved from all care and further worry.' As I softly climbed from the wagon, Brother and Sister Grant saw me. Sister Grant exclaimed, 'Oh, Susan!' and throwing her arms around me, she gave expression to her feelings, weeping as if her heart would break.

"That morning as we moved forward, the trail proved heavy

and slippery. Every swale and gully was chokeful of mud and debris, forced there by the storm of the night before. The air this morning, though, was cool and invigorating. Such a wonderful change naturally revived our spirits. By noon we were on the Sweet Water. The Bad Lands, like a departing night-mare, lay grim in the distance. A much needed rest, with plenty of good feed for the animals and a river of clear, fresh water for all, revived the sick and again set us thinking of the mountains.

"Just as darkness flees before the morning's dawning, so our griefs were turned, all of a sudden, to the greatest, unexpected joys experienced on the whole trip. It seems that this sort is the kind that takes one most by storm and causes one to lose himself in their gripping hold. About noon (Sept. 8), like messengers from another world, there came riding into camp from the West a number of the quorum of the Twelve with Brigham Young at the head. Following them, were their well equipped outfits.[3] They had found us a home by the inland sea they declared, and were now on their way back to Winter Quarters to lead out in the general movement in the early spring wherein thousands of people would make their way westward. You should have seen the meeting of your grandfather and Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball; why, they just hugged each other like youngsters; Heber and Jedediah were not counselors to Brigham then, but they were later. You see, Brigham was not sustained as president until after they arrived back at Winter Quarters.

"For two days the brethren stayed with us, holding meetings and giving instructions. We all made the most of their visits, knowing that almost a year would pass before we should see them again. Then one morning we had some Indian trouble. While we were off guard, a dashing band of mounted Indians rushed down upon our horses, uttering long shrill cries, getting 40 or 50 of our animals, and hurried them off toward the Platte. More than 200 of our horsemen followed, including most of our visiting brethren, for about 20 of their horses were in the stolen band. Only five animals were recovered. As President Young's company had a number of extra horses, they had enough to make up their needs and to help us also. Time for separation now arrived. With all outfits hitched and ready for travel, some east, others west, we bade each other a hearty farewell, and were on our way.

"The trail from here to South Pass, a hundred miles or more, was all up grade, but after this splendid rest we moved forward rapidly. Sister Grant was so improved that she walked a little each day. Most of the other sick were rapidly gaining in

[3]Those seeking details should read *Life of Wilford Woodruff*, by Cowley, 1909—Deseret Book Store, Public Library. See especially pp. 321-323.

strength. We had heard so much of South Pass that we thought, of course, a dangerous and difficult climb was before us. One can hardly imagine our surprised feeling when we found the continental divide a long, broad, easy upland valley with splendid trails. It was hardly believable until we saw the waters of the Sandy running westward toward Green River.

"As our hopes were now flying high, many a teamster shouted, including the women. All felt they had a right to be happy, looking forward and not backward. As our wagons rolled easily along, all joined in singing many a trail song. I'll sing you two or three, but of course I can't make them thrill you as they did us in those days:

" 'Cheer up, brothers, as we go over the mountains westward ho,
Where herds of deer and bufalo furnish the fare.'

* * * * *

" 'We'll stay on the farm and we'll suffer no loss,
For the stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.'

* * * * *

" 'Oh, wife, let us go; oh, don't let us wait,
I long to be there and I long to be great;
While you, some fair lady; and who knows but I
May be some rich Governor long 'fore I die.'

"Our soaring spirits were soon to return, however, and hug the ground in silence; for joys seem to ebb and flow with sorrows ever present. In just a few days, mountain fever had confined a great number to their wagons. It was with difficulty that the sick could ride forward at all, for the roads became but trails, rough and difficult. Brigham Young had warned us that at the first sign of the mountain sickness, we were to use plenty of composition, cayenne, and vegetable pills. These were to assist in breaking the fever. Brother Young told us of his sickness, of the distressing pain that throbbed in his head, and at the same time the trouble that settled in his back and various joints of his body. When the fever ceased, cold chills were followed by hot flushes that tended to make him almost mad with pain. Brigham Young declared that he was delirious for most of two days; and that this was the reason why he had to follow into the valley two days behind the foremost of the trail-breakers.

"Sister Grant, full of faith and hopeful determination, fought off the first signs of the fever, but as she was weakened from the effects of cholera and deep sorrow, back it came with alarming consequences. It was with difficulty now that we could travel at all. Friday night it was decided that part of the camp was to lay over Saturday as well as Sunday, that the others should move forward and during Saturday, as they progressed, help make the

roads better. By Monday we were sure all would again be on their way.

"As Sister Grant's condition became rather critical Saturday, she and her bed were gently transferred to a tent that was set up near by. Sunday brought a higher fever and complete delirium. For the first Sunday on our long journey, there was no singing, preaching, or music heard in camp. These were replaced by fasting and prayer for Caroline's recovery. As your grandfather was a very sympathetic man, this grief, added to the worry and sorrows of the past, was almost more than he could bear. Sisters Riter and Snow and the menfolks always stayed close at hand, rendering assistance whenever possible. Brother Grant often took Caddie from me, hugging and kissing her while the tears ran down his face.

"During the evening of Sunday, as I sat near the fire at the tent door with little Caddie on my lap, I watched carefully the language expressed in the eyes of the attendants. Later on when the child went to sleep, I was quietly taking her toward my wagon to tuck her away from the cool mountain air, when Sister Snow caught up to me, and as she handed me a shawl, she exclaimed a little anxiously, 'No, don't take her away.' Not until then did it really dawn upon me that there seemed to be no hope. Wrapping the shawl about me and the sleeping child, I sat waiting in silence. About mid-night Sister Grant rallied a little and whispered, 'Susan—Caddie.' I sprang up so quickly when I was called that I waked the little girl, who opened her big eyes and stared about on every side. In a moment we were both by the bed, while Caddie kissed her mama and tried to huddle into the covers, Sister Grant looked at us knowingly, then as she contentedly closed her eyes again and seemed to be sinking, I heard her whisper to Jedediah, 'All is well! All is well! Please take me to the valley—Jeddy. Get Margaret—bring her—to me!' Brother Grant answered tenderly and meaningly as he sobbed with sorrow, 'Yes, yes, Caroline. I'll do my best. I'll do my best.'

"During the night the sisters prepared the body in the very best manner possible and the Brethren made a box from one of the top beds of the wagon; and with the first dawn of daylight we were hurrying toward the Valley, which was reached three days later on the evening of the 29th. Here the whole group was thrown into intense sorrow, as Caroline had been with the Church almost from the beginning. The services were held that evening, and early the next morning, the first white woman to be buried in the Valley was quietly laid at rest.[4]

"After two or three days resting, Jedediah and Bates Noble

[4]Caroline Ann Vandyke was born January 16, 1818, was married to Jedediah M. Grant July 2, 1844. She was 29 years old when she died. At this time Jedediah was but 31.

made ready to fulfil the remainder of Caroline's last request. Back they would go through long dangerous canyons, over hills and mountains—back to the Sweet Water—past Independence Rock and out to that lonely little clay mound. The child should be brought to its mother—'Yes, yes, Caroline. I'll do my best.'

"Little did they realize as they anxiously began that long journey, how sad would be the ending. 'At Bear River,' as Uncle Bates has often told it, 'again we camped. As we sat there alone at night by our little camp fire in the very heart of the Rockies, after meditating in silence for some time, Brother Jedediah turned and requested, "Brother Bates, let's have a hymn or so." After a number had been sung, Jedediah said, "Now sing 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform'." As we finished:

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

Brother Grant sat with bowed head for some time, then he looked up and, glowing with his former inspiration, which I had not seen upon him for some time, declared in a firm voice which always characterized his unwavering testimony, "Bates, God has made it plain. The joy of Paradise where my wife and baby are together, seems to be upon me tonight. For some wise purpose they have been released from the earth struggles into which you and I are plunged. They are many, many times happier than we can possibly be here. This camping ground should be the saddest of all sad places to me, but this night it seems to be close under heaven." As Jedediah spoke, there vibrated into my bosom a feeling that comes only under the inspiration of heaven. Then we knelt in prayer; Brother Grant being mouth. It seemed to me that no human soul could have listened to his words and doubted that he talked to his Father in heaven; doubted that the Gospel of Jesus Christ had been restored and that Joseph Smith was divinely chosen; doubted that Caroline and Margaret were with their Heavenly Father in celestial glory. This incident alone was enough to have converted me had I been the least bit of a "doubting Thomas."

"'Early the next morning we were again on our journey. Generally we chatted, at other times we rode silently forward; in these moments I often wondered if we should find the little mound as we had left it. It was not the Indians that I feared so much as the prairie wolf. Once or twice during those long days, Jedediah dropped a word or two that also showed his anxiety. Our apprehensions were multiplied at our camp the first night on the Sweet Water. Here two graves left by Oregon companies had been ruthlessly pilfered.

"'Another day or so and we were at the end of our eastward journey. As we intended making it back to Sweet Water for the night, we stopped our rig in the trail of the saleratus camping grounds where just a month previous a terrible night had been spent in a driving thunder storm. We now stepped forward, carrying the box and shovels. A few paces from the little grave we stopped hesitatingly, set down our things and stood with eyes fixed before us. Neither tried to speak. An ugly hole replaced the small mound; and so recently had the wolves departed that every sign was fresh before us. I dared not raise my eyes to look at Jedediah. From the way I felt, I could but guess his feelings. Like statues of the wilderness we stood, grown to the spot, each fully realizing that nothing more could be done. After several minutes of silent tears, we quietly withdrew, carrying away again only that which we had brought. Then, as we silently rode westward toward the mountains, there seemed to echo in my soul from a distant tent in the mountains, "All is well, All is well! Take me to the valley, Jeddy. Get Margaret—bring her to me." Then the earnest sad reply, "Yes, yes, Caroline. I'll do my best. I'll do my best!"'"

Pioneer Memoriam

By Eloise A. McClure

Deep in the heart of God's garden,
Heart of the Golden West,
Flag of our nation they planted,
Flag that their fathers blest.
Cresting the vast, templed Rockies,
Breathing a peaceful sea,
Stars and stripes fluttered Heav'nward,
Land of the wondrous free!

Over the mountains and valleys,
Desert and wasting plain,
Blazed they the trail for great highway,
Reaching to bounding main.
Opened the doors of earth's wonders,
Vaults of the ages unsealed,
Treasures long buried and hidden,
Locked in the deep, revealed.

Into the lap of the nation,
Richest of wealth was rolled,
Into the lives of the living,
Happiness did unfold.

Touched they with magic that scattered,
Rivulets, laughing rills,
Manned they the streams that were rushing,
Steep from snow-crested hills.

Winding below to the valley,
Barren and gloomy gray,
Beauty so hidden transfigured,
Wondrous in glad array.
Earth made to blossom like Heaven,
Fairest of flowers grown—
Valleys made rich and so fertile,
Seeds in soil's bosom sown.

Theirs not to know what their dreaming,
Labors unceasing wrought—
Theirs not to garner with gleaming,
Golden seeds sown of thought.
Harvest for us is to gather,
Garner we now the store.
Children of men who come after,
Garner they all the more.

Forefathers dreamed of this Empire,
Builded not in a day,
Growing majestically onward,
Great, as the years pass away.
Sleeping are they, 'neath the hillsides,
Souls at rest 'neath the sod,
Kissed by blossoms that bend when
Winds of the Wasatch nod.

Resting from labors so fruitful,
Heroes' work nobly done,
Mustered to God is their spirit,
Called to home, one by one.
Ever their names shall be written,
Carved in this stone of gold,
Ever their tale shall be blazoned,
Flaming, their deeds be told!

Future creation achieving,
Looks on this stone and reads
Lessons of life's worthy battles,
Lessons of noble deeds!
Rest Thou in Peace, Faithful Servants!
Memories ever blest.
Deep in the heart of God's garden,
Heart of the Golden West.

Conference Address

By Mrs. May Booth Talmage
Former President European Mission Relief Societies

My dear co-workers: I cannot express to you this afternoon the gratitude that is in my soul for this opportunity to speak to you about the work of the Relief Societies in the European Mission. I also desire to express my gratitude to my Heavenly Father for the opportunity that came into my life to go into the mission field as a representative of His Church. There may be some here who are not quite clear in their minds as to just what is meant by the European Mission. This is not just one among the many missions of the world, but comprises the ten missions established on the Eastern Hemisphere. They are the Armenian, the British, the Danish, the French, the German-Austrian, the Netherlands, the Norwegian, the Swedish, the Swiss-German, and the South African.

Our northernmost branch is within the Arctic Circle, and we have several branches in South Africa. On the East, the Mission extends to Syria and Palestine, and on the West it includes the British Isles. The President of the European Mission has the responsibility of supervising the missions on the Continent, and he is also in direct charge of the British Mission, which comprises England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and within which area there are seventy branches of the Church, grouped into fifteen Districts; a grouping similar to that of the Stakes and Wards in Zion. The wife of the President of the European Mission presides over the Relief Societies of the European Mission and of the British Mission under the direction of her husband.

We had the pleasure of visiting the Netherlands Relief Societies twice—once in 1925 when Sister Hyde was in charge of this work, and again in 1926, when the work was under the direction of Sister Lillywhite, as it is today. Excellent progress is being made, especially in Amsterdam and Rotterdam. In the latter place there were more than fifty women gathered at a branch meeting we attended, and it was marvelous to see how the women in this as in other distant countries were imbued with the true spirit of the work.

Under the supervision of Sisters Cannon and Valentine, who plan their work together, the Relief Society activities in the Swiss-German and German-Austrian Missions are making tremendous strides. Meetings are held in commodious school buildings. The excellent magazine published by the two missions provides a medium of communication with members, and also space

for lessons. Many of the women are well educated, and give lessons or take part in the discussions with as great freedom as we do here.

On the occasion of our first visit in 1925, when Sister Tadje was in charge, a splendid Relief Society conference was held in Berlin with four hundred people in attendance. We also held a meeting at Chemnitz at which more than five hundred were present. We were delightfully surprised to find at Breslau, on the Polish border of Germany, three fine Relief Societies. The amount and variety of clothing made and of fancy work done by these sisters and brought together for our inspection, was amazing.

The work in Basel, Hamburg and other parts of the Swiss-German Mission is of the same high order.

The Saints in the Scandinavian countries are handicapped by not having much of our Church literature translated. Their Relief Society meetings are conjoint and the brethren seem as anxious as the sisters to come to Relief Society on lesson nights, and donate to this worthy cause. They have a small magazine in which lessons translated from The Millennial Star are published.

In Denmark there are three earnest organizations directed by Sister Ida Peterson. We found there a good attendance, a splendid spirit, and a most encouraging outlook.

In Sweden, we attended a meeting in Gottenburg and a conference in Stockholm. In the latter place elaborate preparations had been made for the occasion. The Meeting-house was made beautiful with palms, ferns, smilax, and abundant flowers, and the local sisters in this, as in many other places, came for several days and prepared hot meals for all the missionaries in attendance. Sister Huliterstrom is now in charge of our work there.

We went from Sweden to Norway and found four active societies in Oslo, Trondhjem, Narvic and Bergen. In the absence of President Christopherson's wife, the Relief work was being splendidly supervised by the Mission Secretary, Sister Borgheild Nielson, who was succeeded by the wife of President Anderson.

In September, 1927, there was held in Dresden a four-day convention of Mission Presidents and their wives. The sisters met in separate sessions to discuss the Relief work, in an effort to standardize and unify it in the various missions as far as possible. The results should prove beneficial to future endeavor.

Preceding and following this convention it was my great privilege to visit nine Relief Societies of the French Mission, some of which are in Belgium, some in France, and some in Switzerland. There, the growth and development of our work under the direction of Sister Venus R. Rossiter has been phenomenal, as was recently reported in detail in the Relief Society Magazine.

It was not my privilege to visit the Armenian and South African Missions, but I kept in touch with them. Sister Booth has been in the Armenian Mission five years. President Talmage visited Armenia and was amazed at the work they were doing. Down in South Africa, where Sister Sessions was in charge for seven years preceding the coming of Sister Martin, the work is in excellent condition.

In the British Mission, over which I presided directly, we had fifty-nine branches. If you could see the struggles that some of these sisters make in order to do relief work, your hearts would go out to them in sympathy and blessing. I think I could safely say that 75% of them have to work outside their own homes to help support the families, and the meetings all have to be held in the evening. I think from one-third to one-half of our members are young girls, who, as young as fourteen, join and help. I have tried in every place to convey this message to the sisters, that they were not little isolated groups working alone, but part of this great sisterhood of women.

I want to speak to you a few moments about the relationship of the Relief Society work to the missionary work—a problem of the greatest importance. When the missionaries go out they may know a great deal about the Mutual and are very willing to help in the Mutual work in the missions, but as a rule they know little more than the name of Relief Society, and they do not know anything about the wonderful work this organization is doing, unless they happen to come from homes where their mothers are presidents and officers. Let me tell you what happens to these young men when they go out in the field. Some of them have to take part in the activities of the branch; as branch president or district presidents, they have to look after all the affairs of the branch. They can make or mar a Relief Society. If they go there with the right attitude toward Relief Society work, they can give advice and counsel. All of our Relief Society officers are told they must work under the direction of the Priesthood. Some of these boys are only eighteen to twenty-one years of age. When there is a death, they have to work with the Relief Society sisters; they have to speak at the funerals. They have to work with the Relief Society people in trying to alleviate suffering and distress among the poor. They also give Relief Society lessons.

I desire to thank my Heavenly Father again for the opportunity that was mine of knowing these excellent people in the world. I found some of the finest people I have ever met, living the gospel and helping to spread it, and I humbly pray for the continued success of the missionary work and the great Relief Society cause.

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EDITORIAL

The Centenary of the Death of Franz Schubert

All over Europe last year Beethoven concerts were held and Beethoven exhibits were the order of the day. The great composer had been dead one hundred years.

It is now just a century since Franz Schubert died; in the city of Vienna where he made his home, and where he is buried close to Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Suppe, and Strauss. There a hundred thousand people recently observed the occasion in an appropriate manner.

This great song writer set music to three of Shakespear's poems, raising to heights otherwise unattainable the lines of the immortal bard. Who has not been thrilled with the music of "Who is Sylvia" and "Hark, Hark, the Lark," and where in all this world is there more lovely melody than in Schubert's "Serenade?" Where is there an ear that has been deaf to his "Song of Love?" It has been carried to thousands of ears and thousands of hearts in the musical comedy "Blossom Time."

Schubert wrote a hundred songs of lyric sweetness; yet this man, who has made life so beautiful for us, during much

of his own life was practically penniless. When he had given up teaching, he was absolutely without means; for he could earn nothing by public performance and as yet no publisher would take his music as a gift. In this tragic hour he was saved by the loyalty of friends; one found him lodging; another provided him with appliances; and still others gave him meals.

In the following language a critic of deep insight into Schubert's place among musicians tells us: "In clarity of style he was inferior to Mozart; in power of musical construction he was far inferior to Beethoven; but in poetic impulse and suggestion he is unsurpassed. He wrote always at headlong speed; he seldom blotted a line, and the greater part of his work bears, in consequence, the essential mark of improvisation: it is fresh, vivid, spontaneous, impatient of restraint, full of rich color and of warm imaginative feeling. He was the greatest song writer who ever lived, and almost everything in his hand turned to song."

"Dryden, the English poet, in speaking of him said, 'Here is God's plenty! Music has always been the most generous of the arts, but it has never before or since poured out its treasure with so lavish a hand.'"

Women Voters

We now and then run into an article decrying the enfranchisement of women, and stating that the nation is not receiving from women what sponsors of suffrage vouchsafed. Certain papers intimate, in very strong language, that suffrage is a failure.

To these critics, both honest and dishonest, the onward march of events is furnishing some very potent replies. The first is supplied by the results of the recent election in Chicago which put out of commission the Thompson machine. Several years ago the women voters of that city, embarrassed by its notorious record of crime and corruption, sought to defeat Mr. Thompson for mayor. They organized a monstrous street procession and made other protests; yet Thompson and his corrupt machine won out.

Recently another opportunity presented itself to cripple the power of this unsavory individual. The women, undaunted, worked on with increasing initiative and vigor. To undermine this power was a big job; but it was accomplished, and the press was generous enough to give the women credit for their part of the work. Papers all over the country published headlines stating that "Chicago women voters had conquered the Thompson ma-

chine." All decent people in the United States are grateful to the women for their decisive work, for seldom has America produced a public man of such power who has been so offensive to people who stand for right thinking and right living. All honor to the women of Chicago.

A little later the League of Women Voters met in the city of Chicago and passed a resolution demanding prohibition enforcement and calling upon government officials to use every effort to make the 18th amendment to the Constitution thoroughly effective. In part the resolution reads: "Whereas, there has been no adequate enforcement of the amendment * * * the League calls upon the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury, and all state and local officials, to use to the fullest extent the power conferred upon them for effective enforcement of prohibition."

"Effort will be made to have both of the major political parties include a prohibition plank in their respective platforms that the matter may become more or less of an issue in the presidential campaign."

Whoever is side-stepping the issue, it is not the women's organizations. Whoever is camouflaging or whitewashing or striving in any way to have black look white, it is not the organized womanhood of America. That an individual woman here and there gives voice to a point of view that is not in harmoney with law and order is to be regretted; but it does not condemn American women who have put themselves unalterably and unmistakably upon record. During the whole of the struggle they have stood for law enforcement, for the 18th amendment and for maintaining the Constitution of the United States.

July is the month when our attention is particularly attracted to the birth of our nation, when flags fly and rockets soar. Is it not incumbent at the moment that we shall see deeper than color and do more than rejoice in our birth? For the problem is not now "to have" but "to hold" the precious liberties vouchsafed to us through a Constitution that has been born at such a cost.

Don't "Ring" The Hospital

Summer is the time when accidents occur in an unusual number. This is to be expected. More cars are running about, people are vacationing all over the country, and the lakes and rivers are freely used for swimming. Dotted through this Western region are private hospitals that are run on the narrowest possible margin and that cannot afford large corps of people to do their administrative work. When an accident happens to somebody in one of these communities, it not infrequently happens

that the telephone is used to such an extent that the hospital administration is almost disrupted.

A few days ago we listened to a lady who has been intimately connected with a hospital away from our largest centers who said that it is impossible for people to imagine what sometimes takes place in a hospital in case of accidents. The telephones are kept ringing so that the force of people that should be doing other things to relieve the sick are answering the telephones. The other patients in the hospital grow nervous and are disturbed by the constant ringing of bells; the whole institution may be upset.

Of what value is it to zone a hospital and to ask persons driving cars to remain quiet while passing if persons in the community are so thoughtless as to disturb everything within the hospital by unwise use of the telephone? The best interest of friends is that which most truly considers the welfare of patients. It frequently happens that the worst thing that can be done for sick people is to visit them; and it now turns out to be true that one of the worst things that can be done for the sick is to use our modern appliances for inquiring too frequently.

The Pioneer in Modern Literature

We are pleased to be able to present to our readers a brief criticism of the outstanding pioneer literature of our period. In the May issue of the Magazine we published an interesting review of *Giants of the Earth*, by O. E. Rolvaag, which is a story of the Norwegian American immigrant. In the July issue we are presenting Carl Sandburg's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*. These reviews are written by Mrs. Lais Vernon Hales, a student of literature who is keenly interested in studies of pioneer life. We are sure that our readers are interested in new and good books in any line; and as pioneering forms so much of the background of American life and is so close to our Western life, we shall all be particularly interested in books that interpret it. Behind us is a veritable mine of rich material that will in the future be worked from many angles by writers of fiction. We are gratified at the present output, for it argues much for the future.

Sarah Jenne Cannon

By Annie Wells Cannon

One by one the members of that great caravan of Utah pioneers who traversed prairie, plain, and mountain pastures to seek a refuge in the wilderness, turn their faces homeward to the land of eternal peace. For them the day is done; they have trekked the desert sands of life's long journey to the end of the way; but the radiant glow of life's setting sun casts its "line of light" along the silent past with pleasant memories and over the uncertain future with hopeful promise.

At noon-time on Mothers' Day, May 13, 1928, Sister Sarah Jenne Cannon, a beloved mother in Israel, passed to her last long sleep as she smilingly recognized tender messages from absent loved ones.

"Aunt Sarah Jane," as she was lovingly called, was in many respects a remarkable woman; and her unusual and unique traits of character caused her to be loved and revered not alone by her intimates, but by a host of friends. Her long life—a span of nearly eighty-nine years—was illumined with kindly service. She was one of those whose greatness lies in walking nobly among the common things of life: the tasks of the pioneer woman—spinning, weaving, sewing, knitting, darning, gardening, baking, candle-dipping, soap-making—all these were dignified under her

hands—hands which were never idle. One of her favorite quotations was, "Do the duty that lies nearest:" and this she exemplified in her daily life. Nor did her industry diminish in later and more prosperous years; her war-time productions were quite wonderful; and it is believed that had she kept a record of her work, it would equal that of any one; so swiftly did her needles fly in the making of sweaters, socks, jackets, etc., for the soldier boys.

Comparable with the industry of her hand was the industry of her fine mind. She was most fond of reading, especially the scriptures and the poets. Though advantages of education in early life had been as sparing as her living, she eagerly sought knowledge out of all good books and stored her mind with rich treasures of thought. Naturally she was an interesting conversationalist.

As life had been so full of love most freely given, so in turn, when in advanced years she needed tender care it was abundantly hers. She died at the home of her son Preston and his sweet wife, Mabel, in beautiful Glendale, California, where flowers bloom all the year, and the air is pungent with the tang of brine from the waters of the great Pacific. Her funeral was held in the Eighteenth Ward Chapel, where, to her mortal remains surrounded by a mass of flowers, friends and loved ones paid their last tribute.

Sister Sarah Jane Jenne Cannon was born September 11, 1839, in Camden, Upper Canada, where her parents had temporarily moved from New York state. There they joined the Church and moved westward. They were at Nauvoo during the last years of the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith; and though but a child at the time of his martyrdom she remembered having heard him preach, and sensed the deep mourning of the people over his death. Her family were in the exodus from Nauvoo, coming to the valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1848. She walked all the way across the plains from the Missouri river. Her first home in the valley was in the Old Fort, now known as Pioneer Square. She was an attendant at the early schools and a member of the first Sunday School of the Church. On April 11, 1858, she was married to George Q. Cannon, by whom she had seven children, six sons and one daughter—the latter, Sister Rosannah C. Irvine, a member of the present General Board of the Relief Society.

Aunt Sarah Jane manifested always a willingness to make any sacrifice required for the Gospel's sake. One notable instance occurred at the time of the "Move," when Johnston's Army came in 1858. Elder Cannon was placed in charge of the Church printing press and took it with his family to Fillmore. On the return trip he was met at Payson by a messenger from President Young with news that he had been called on a mission to the Eastern States and that the company of missionaries with whom

he was expected to cross the plains were to leave the following day. Within an hour he was on the way with the messenger, leaving the young wife by the roadside in care of his brother David—she was as staunch in supporting her husband in his obedience to the call as he was in fulfilling it. In his other missions which followed she endured much poverty uncomplainingly and supported herself and little ones with untiring industry, counting no requirement too severe in the cause of truth.

Sister Cannon's Church activities were manifest in two directions—Temple work and Relief Society. When the Salt Lake Temple was opened in 1893 she was called as a worker therein and faithfully carried on that work over a period of twenty years, scarcely missing a day. During that time she performed baptisms and endowments for many of her kindred, thus opening the way for their salvation.

A rare opportunity permitted her to be present at the dedication of the Hawaiian Temple. She was called upon to speak on that occasion, and bore a beautiful testimony. This privilege was a memorable event in her life, as it was her husband, President George Q. Cannon, who introduced the Gospel in this land and she, like him, had a loving interest in the Hawaiian people.

Sister Cannon's Relief Society work reaches over a long period of time and untiring devotion. She served as a ward teacher and as counselor in the Farmers Ward Society. She had to walk a distance of more than two miles over rough and muddy roads to attend meetings, and much farther to perform the tender visits of mercy required. At the organization of the Cannon Ward she was appointed president of the ward society, a position she held until her increased duties in stake work and on the General Board demanded so much of her time that she was released. As counselor to Sister Mary Isabella Horne in the Salt Lake Stake her talents for organization and regulation of the work proved of great value to that great leader among the women.

Sister Cannon was a member of the General Board of the Relief Society under the presidencies of Zina D. H. Young, Bathsheba W. Smith, and Emmeline B. Wells. In 1898, following the death of Sarah M. Kimball, she held the position of third vice-president, in the General Board, an office discontinued after the death of Zina D. H. Young. Her Relief Society work was thoroughly performed, whether as a humble teacher or a high official. She traveled in its interest throughout the different stakes of Zion from Canada to Mexico, teaching and exhorting the sisters in the interest not only of the Relief Society but in their daily life as mothers and women of the Church.

Gentle, merciful, and loving as she was during all her days, surely it may well be said of her: She fought the good fight; she finished her course; she kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for her a crown of righteousness.

Pioneers

Abraham Lincoln; the Prairie Years

By Lois Vernon Hales

Essential to every American home is a sincere and honest book on the life of our greatest, most written about, and most loved American—Abraham Lincoln. Something like two thousand eight hundred books have been written about Lincoln, and from these we must choose the one that best presents him in his own true character. The real Lincoln is far finer and more lovable than the mythical one, and vastly more interesting.

It takes greatness to perceive greatness. About Carl Sandburg, author of *Abraham Lincoln; the Prairie Years*, there is something of the vision, the aptitude, the sympathy, of a Lincoln. His book is the result of a half a lifetime of patient, loving investigation into the numerous letters, papers, speeches, and writings of Lincoln. In his preface Sandburg states that to understand Lincoln these documents must be "lived with and brooded over, scrutinized and forgotten, and then gone back to and searched again with all the gifts of imagination, intuition, experience, prayer, silence, sacrifice, and the laughter next door to tears." Sandburg's book covers the years from Lincoln's birth in 1809 until the time when he left Springfield for Washington in 1860.

Mr. Sandburg has realized that any good life of Lincoln must take into account all that went to the making of such a man—the background on which "the Lincoln life moved, had its rise and flow, and was moulded and moulded." His book is therefore not only the story of a life but the story of the environment in which it grew up and matured. We feel throughout the book the throb of imagination, the spread of population, the development of agriculture, industry, and finance, the coming of slavery, and the developing horizons of the new nation. The movement of the story is the movement of the pioneers ever pouring westward. It is never swift nor dramatic, but moves steadily, inevitably, on to the end, with its starkness and romance mixed and blended. It is a story of the "Biblical starkness," of the life of the pioneers with the wild flowers and the song of birds in the springtime, the log cabins, the Indians, the rustling corn whispering of the wonders of the wilderness, the quilting and the shucking bees, told against the background of the prairies of the West.

And over it all is the figure of Abraham Lincoln absorbing and developing. Throughout the one hundred and sixty-eight chapters of this big book—big both in size and execution—we feel

the thousand and one things that went to make Lincoln in the first fifty-two years of his life what he was in the last four years as champion of our nation. Lincoln always much alone developing a "wilderness loneliness" which is like no other loneliness. "In the making of him as he was, the element of silence was immense," says Sandburg. Lincoln, son of a woman in whose heart burned the hope that beyond the harsh clay paths, the scrubbing, washing, patching, there were "pastures and purple valleys of song." Lincoln, seven out of the twelve months of every year, running with his foot soles bare against the clay of the earth, absorbing something of its hard and dark strength and perhaps some of its mystery. Lincoln, begging for books, walking miles to obtain them, and stating that his best friend was the man "who'll git me a book I ain't read." Lincoln and his love of Anne Rutledge and Mary Todd, both of whom left so deep a mark upon his heart. Lincoln as a struggling lawyer, to whom the smallest case was vital and interesting, for he was more interested in the study of human nature than in making money by law. And finally, Lincoln, as he left Springfield for Washington, to take hold of the affairs of a nation.

Mr. Sandburg is a poet of the first degree and we find his book not only full of the poetry of the prairies but also of the poetry of a fine life nobly lived. He has fully understood the beauty of the life of Lincoln with all its lights and shadows. He has taken away nothing of the mystery of personality which was Lincoln's, yet he has forever taken him out of the field of myth. Even to the political life of Lincoln he has brought his poetic insight, making of this phase of Lincoln's life something rich and interesting. John Drinkwater, another great admirer of Lincoln, says of Sandburg's book, "It is not too much to say that Mr. Sandburg's book is an honor no less to the American people than to himself; it is, indeed, not unlikely that he will be found to have given the world the first great American Epic." Certainly he has given us the finest life of our great American Pioneer—Abraham Lincoln—of whom Edwin Markham wrote:

> The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
> The smack and tang of elemental things;
> The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
> The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
> The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
> The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
> The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
> The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
> The secrecy of streams that make their way
> Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
> The tolerance and equity of light

That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—

* * * * *

Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

* * * * *

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Dear Sleeping Babe

By Carrie Tanner

Dear sleeping babe!
A mother's heart with questioning love
Would seek to know—
What powers and possibilities are hid
Within thy tender form?
Is good endowed with kindly portion?
What light will guide thy footsteps?
Will thy heart crave honesty and truth?
Ah, darling babe!

What strife will come to vex or mar
Thy destined way?
Foul enemies—will they harm thee?
Ah no—I pray,
My precious babe!

Will thy heart respond with love to kindly dictates?
Ah, dear—dear—child!
'Tis then thy powers would unfold in Nature's way
And be all that Heaven's love would have thee—
My own dear babe!
What are you, my dear—dear—babe?
Ah! who can tell?
But oh! a mother's heart with tenderest love
Would say:
May thy path be bright
With Heaven's own sunshine on thy way,
Dear sleeping babe!

MRS. HANNAH CHRISTENSEN AND HER HUSBAND

Hannah Christensen

In drawing a mental picture of the subject of this sketch we must see a little woman, barely five feet in height, quick, energetic and determined, but with a keen sense of humor and a cheery smile upon her face.

Maren Johanna Rasmussen Christensen (familiarly known as Hannah (Christensen) was born on the island of Lolland, Denmark, Oct. 28, 1838, the daughter of Rasmus Christensen and Maria Jorgensen. From childhood she exhibited that independence of spirit which characterized her later life. When barely in her teens, at her home one day, a pig had been slaughtered, after which the family went into the house to eat breakfast. While the men ate, Hannah went out to take a look at the animal and seeing that it still showed signs of life, took up a butcher knife and finished the job to put an end to the creature's suffering.

Having become a convert to the Gospel, she was called upon to choose between love and duty; for a worthy young man, whose wife she expected soon to become, could not see as she did in religious matters and their courtship ended. In 1864 she was baptized by Elder Ole H. Berg, and emigrated to Utah in 1866. In crossing the plains by ox train, much sickness was experienced by the emigrants and many died. Twenty-two women were

attacked with cholera at one time and of these only two survived, Hannah being one of them. It was while crossing the plains that her romance commenced, for in Captain Abner Lowry's company, which traveled with them part of the way, was a young man named Martin Christensen, and the two young people became acquainted. Hannah was still weak and Martin kindly held an umbrella over her as she lay sick, to protect her from the burning rays of the sun. Upon their arrival in Salt Lake City they again met and together proceeded to Mount Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, with other members of their companies. Here they were married by Bishop Seely and located at Fountain Green, becoming pioneers of that place. By hard work and frugality they were able to surround themselves with many comforts in spite of the ravages of grasshoppers and trouble with Indians. They built a two-room adobe house and secured a considerable amount of land. Brother Christensen bought a team and did freighting between Salt Lake City and their home, while his wife assisted the men in shearing sheep in the co-op herd, gleaned grain in the fields to make flour and for chicken feed, and in every way possible endeavored to help make a livelihood for the family. Five children were born to these good people, but home duties and hard work did not prevent them from attending strictly to their duties in the ward; for, as they said, it was to live their religion that they had come.

And just when prosperity began to smile upon them in 1880, Brother Martin Christensen was called by President John Taylor to take his family to San Luis Valley and help make a settlement for the Saints there. Did they respond? With courage, born of faith, they sold their property, bought teams, and bidding farewell to friends and to the little grave where reposed one of their precious babies, set out with the remaining four children on a trip fraught with terrible hardship. They were to make a new home in the wilderness and to become pioneers of Manassa, Colorado.

The first winter was terribly severe, and the rough cabin they had been able to erect was but a poor protection to the family and to the milch cows to which it also gave shelter. When spring opened up, in spite of terrific gales, the little family planted their crops, which were later almost entirely destroyed by summer frosts. But they faced the situation without fear and with no doubt as to ultimate success, by the blessing of the Lord who had directed their footsteps there.

The D. & R. G. R. R. was building its lines at that time, and construction camps were strung out from ten to twenty miles apart. This opened a business opportunity to Sister Christensen, who, fitting up an old wagon for the purpose, visited these camps regularly, selling butter, eggs, dressed chicken, vegetables, etc Her visits were looked forward to and her advent could be

relied upon with certainty. Every other Tuesday she went from Manassa to Alamosa, returning the following day; and every Saturday she went to Antonito, thus establishing a trade which she followed for about twenty years; during this time she saved about $10,000. It was amusingly said of her that if she started out alone on the desert in the morning she would return at night with a pocket full of money. Still she found time to attend to her duties in the Church, and for fifteen years acted as president of the Relief Society at Manassa, and for some years as president of Primary in that place, while her husband was counselor in the Bishopric of the ward and superintendent of Sunday School. While residing in Manassa, her home was within a block of the Stake House, and many of the general authorities who visited Stake conferences were entertained at her home. Often the yard was filled with teams, and generous entertainment was provided for all who came.

In 1900, Brother Christensen being in poor health, he and his wife came to Murray, Utah, to live near their daughter; here, in 1908, Brother Christensen died.

In Murray, Sister Christensen again took hold of work in Relief Society and was one of the most efficient Relief Society teachers in that ward. In 1917, when she was 79 years of age, she was struck by an automobile and so severely injured that her life was despaired of and a broken bone in her limb was never set. Through the administration of the Elders and her great faith, she finally recovered and for two years afterward, in spite of her lameness, walked one and a half miles daily from her home to work in a store. Sister Christensen's absolute faith in the administration of the Elders in time of sickness was one of the outstanding principles of her life. She never summoned medical aid except a midwife, although the extreme activity of her mind often wore out her frail body. On several occasions, when it seemed to those around her that her spirit had left her body, she revived and testified that she had been restored to life by the power of the Priesthood.

Sister Christensen lived to the age of 85 years and died at Murray, July 30, 1923, where her body reposes by the side of her husband's. She is survived by three sons and one daughter. Optimistic and cheerful, to know Sister Hannah was to love her and her associates in San Luis often remarked that she must have been sent there to cheer and comfort them. Of the labors of such pioneer women we of today are enjoying the rich fruition. Let us honor their memory and emulate their noble example.

Pioneers and Parents

By Sarah B. Moody

If you love the romance, the bravery, the rugged beauty of life, the power and resourcefulness of our Mormon pioneers, you will enjoy this true story of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Kemp.

Dan was born in England in 1859, but emigrated to Utah with his parents when a small boy. Some years later the family was called to St. George. About this time the new temple was the all-absorbing topic, and Dan, then a lad of fourteen, proudly volunteered his services, and was on hand with the first workmen. He labored on for years; mastered the trade of mason, attained his manhood, and finally saw the completion of the temple.

Pride and pleasure in the part he had taken in the erection of this beautiful edifice, gladdened all his after years.

Amanda Brimhall was born in Hyrum, Cache County, Utah, in 1864. Her parents pioneered in Southern Idaho, and later went to Arizona. When they made the trip south, Amanda was fourteen years old, and the following incident of the journey impressed her vividly.

Ten immigrant wagons belonging to five families, and followed by a small herd of cattle and horess, toiled patiently uphill and down, through deep gulches, over and around boulders huge as a table, through tall, slapping brush and over cactus beds. Early winter overtook them and for days they traveled through the snow.

When they reached the crossing of the big Colorado River, they found the water frozen over. Mr. Johnson, who tended the ferry, had never seen it frozen before, and insisted they would have to camp there for a week before it would thaw sufficiently to ferry across.

A week of camping in the snow with no food for their stock and little for themselves seemed too much. They talked it over, and told Mr. Johnson they would pray for the ice to thicken, then would cross in the morning and go on their way.

"The Big Colorado don't freeze, and has never been crossed that way," insisted Mr. Johnson.

With the breaking of dawn the pioneers were out testing the ice inch by inch with poles.

"Unload the wagons. Cut timber and make sleds, everybody move. The Lord is on our side," shouted the leaders.

Before the sun had much more than bid them a genial good morning, the commands were executed and the contents of the wagons were being sledded across the ice. This was great fun

for the children, who raced busily back and forth hauling the sleds.

Now came the time to get the cattle and horses across. They instinctively scented danger and could neither be led nor driven onto the ice.

"I have it!" shouted a sturdy pioneer as he rushed forward with a bucket of sand and began strewing it over and back, making a sandy trail across.

The old mare, the recognized leader of the band, was coaxed onto the trail. The other horses, then the cows followed one by one, until all were safely across.

"Now for the wagons with all speed," shouted the leader as he felt the increasing warmth of the sun. Again he tested the ice with a pole.

"We'll make it boys, drive on."

The white-hooded wagons moved slowly but surely across the ice. One by one they landed, and as the last team stepped onto the firm ground a tremendous cracking sound was heard and the hind wheels of the wagon went down, but the faithful old team pulled it safely ashore, and then the pioneers went on their way singing praises to the Lord, who had truly been with them. This was the first and last time the Colorado was ever crossed on ice at that place.

This little company settled at Taylor, Arizona, on the Little Colorado. Other pioneers had preceded them, but it was still a great, lonely, silent winderness in the land of the Apache and Navajo Indians. Great deserts hemmed them in and seemed to be forever reaching out their hungry arms to get them; the silence of the night was broken only by the hoot of an owl, the call of a coyote, and occasionally by the far-away chant of an Indian war-dance.

But the days were busy and happy. Logs had to be cut and homes built, brush grubbed, land broken and planted, and water ditches dug. There were no idlers here. Every woman and every child had a share to do, and had no time to think of loneliness and danger.

Amanda Brimhall grew to womanhood here in Taylor, where she met and fell in love with Dan Kemp. Both of them knew that a kind hand was guilding them, and that no place could be desolate or no band of exiles be lonely, so long as they had faith and friendship, song and love, in their hearts.

And soon came a double wedding with all its romance; for Lavina, a younger sister, was to marry Andrew Woods the same day.

This was to be a big event; for they had a real wedding cake, with layer piled high upon layer, and all covered over with snowy ornaments. A professional baker, Mr. Wood's father, had made

DAN KEMP AND HIS SONS

it. The girls' wedding dresses were made of real cashmere. The whole town was bidden to the wedding; the neighbor ladies were busy assisting with the cooking, taking the bed out of the best room, improvising long tables, borrowing dishes, and making themselves generally useful.

When all was in readiness, President Jesse N. Smith solemnized the marriages making the ceremony sacred and impressive. A real wedding supper and a dancing party followed. When it was all over and the newly-wedded couples sought rest, Mr. and Mrs. Woods' bedroom was a covered wagon in the yard, for Mr. Brimhall's house contained only three log rooms.

Two years later, with one little daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp again took to the trail and moved several hundred miles south to where a few Saints were settled on the Gila River.

Half a dozen settlers, each in his little clearing in the high mesquite brush, and living long distances apart, composed all of Thatcher when the Kemps arrived.

They made their little clearing and set to work at once to build a home. Dan made adobes enough for two walls, then made the other two with willows. A canvas was stretched over the top for a roof, and another canvas was tacked over the dirt floor, but they were proud enough to move into this one room.

There was little variety of food. A kettle of frijoles was constantly on the stove, and often for days at a time they had little else to eat.

Again they went through the silent night and busy days. Separation from their home folks seemed to entrance the desolation, but hand in hand they faced the future unafraid, because they knew that God is good.

MRS. KEMP AND HER SONS

Once, as the hush of evening was settling over the little town, it was rudely disturbed by the war-whoop of Indians. A great band of them with war paint and feathers rode wildly through the settlement. All the women and children were hurried into the only substantial adobe house, and all through the night the men stood guard with their guns. Weird chants of the Indian war dance reached them. There was no sleep for anyone that night. The women huddled together in fear, breathing a constant prayer for protection. With the coming of dawn they were left in peace, with gratitude for God's protecting care.

For many years the Apache Indians continued to be a menace. They frequently rode through the settlement, stole cattle and horses, ambushed travelers, and sometimes took life. At one time the Wright brothers of Thatcher were following Indians to get back some of their stolen stock and were ambushed and killed. When the awful news sped over the struggling settlement, the people all feared and sorrowed as one big family.

The Kemp's second daughter was born in their first little home. Kindly neighbors cared for mother and baby.

While left alone for a brief time, Mrs. Kemp lay on her bed and watched a huge snake crawl up the willow side of the house. She was used to such visitors, however, and since it was only a water snake she knew it could do no harm.

Busy as this little band of struggling pioneers were, one of the first things they did was to get willows from the river for a place of worship. On Sunday, work was laid aside and men, women and children went in their "Sunday best" to the little bowery. Dan Kemp led the singing, and all sang and worshipped together.

Years hastened by, and other companies of pioneers came to join them. During these busy, building days, no one's services were more in demand that were Mr. Kemp's, for he must lay the adobes for all the new houses.

"We must build more beautiful and substantial houses to replace our pioneer shacks," Mr. Kemp early advised. And with this in view, he, with Wm. C. Moody, made the first bricks and built the first brick houses in Thatcher: and in course of time, many brick structures followed.

During twenty-six years spent in Thatcher, the Kemps saw it develop into a thrifty farming town with about twelve hundred inhabitants. There were good stores, a fine bank building, a commodious depot, and many substantial business buildings. A beautiful church house, also an artistic and commodious church school building, were outstanding.

During all these years children came regularly to the Kemp home until there were sixteen. Mr. and Mrs. Kemp welcomed them all; their fidelity to religion taught them the sacredness of human life; and they willingly, gladly gave their best years to their children.

Mr. Kemp met with a heavy financial loss, and those of the family still at home (several had married in Arizona) decided to try their fortunes in SanDiego, California. They reached there with eleven children, little money, and no knowledge of city life.

Mr. Kemp tells of his first efforts to rent a house in San Diego. They approached a house with a "For Rent" sign in the window.

"Have you any children?" the landlady asked.

"Yes, we have sixteen," Mr. Kemp answered with pride. This happened again and again until Mrs. Kemp remonstrated: "Dan, why do you persist in telling them sixteen children? You are virtually shouting it from the house tops, and are hurting our chances to get a home."

"When it comes to my children, I don't compromise with anyone. People may as well know first as last," he answered.

In spite of children and honesty, they finally rented a comfortable house. Mr. Kemp found work at his trade, and his children all helped. Their industry and honesty soon won friends. One of these was the corner grocer, who watched their struggles and guessed the truth.

"Mr. Kemp, don't go without things you need," he said. "Come to my store and get anything you want. I have watched you and your family, and know I shall never lose a cent."

The Kemps affiliated themselves at once with the little, struggling branch of the Church. In a short time Mr. Kemp was made president of the branch and Mrs. Kemp president of the Relief Society.

Once again their pioneer spirits served them, and after many years of service they brought the little branch through to a safe and sure foundation.

Before many years they had built and paid for a good home, which was always open to numerous friends. Good books and magazines were plentiful here, and their conversation showed that they were a reading, thinking, progressive couple.

And the children? They grew up in a home of peace and love. They were always clean and well-disciplined, and have all been well educated. The ideals of the parents are reflected in the children. Thirteen stalwart men and beautiful women are alive out of the sixteen. All but the last two, who are still at school, have homes of their own, and are honest, industrious, God-fearing citizens. Many of them have fine talents along musical and artistic lines. Much more might be said for them; but the parents, *theirs* was the supreme gift to the world.

In November, 1926, Mr. Kemp went on his last long journey home. People are seldom missed as Dan Kemp is missed. Because he had given so much love and service, he was much beloved.

Listening to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony

By Annie Pike Greenwood

What heaven was locked within his precious brain
  That never was revealed to any man;
What harmonies of joy, what notes of pain,
  Even a faint surmise is all we can.
He must have heard things greater far than this
  There in his soul, or else this could not be.
At least he had this most transcendent bliss
  Of knowing all of music's ecstasy—
More than is possible for us who hear
  This that he left us when he went away—
Away where he can make his music clear—
  Clearer than ever in this mortal day:
Somewhere in God's great universe is he
Creating greater than this symphony.

An Amazing Life History

Written from Memory by Mrs. E. I. Pulsipher

In Stevenger, Norway, October 8th, 1850, was born Elizabeth Isabelle, daughter of Erastus and Lorina Jacobson.

Erastus joined the Church in 1860 in days of persecution. He was a shoemaker; but when he joined the Church few would

MRS. ELIZABETH I. PULSIPHER

give him work. He and his wife had to go to work at anything they could get in order to make enough money to buy food for the children.

The family left Norway for Zion about April 1st, 1863. We were three days on the steamboat and oh! how sea sick I was. We arrived in England and had to wait two weeks while an old ship

was fixed up so that we could cross the Atlantic. It took us eight weeks to cross the ocean with much sickness and fevers, many dying. My little sister became very ill and Mother prayed that she might live until we reached land. This she did. We arrived in New York, staying there half a day; then we boarded the train. There were so many of us that some had to ride in cattle cars. We ferried across rivers, rode trains, and finally reached Carthage, where the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were killed. My father and mother left me to care for the children, five including myself, while they went to see Carthage jail.

We went up the Missouri River to Fort Leavenworth, where we met the ox teams. I do not remember how many days we traveled before Mother was run over. She was leaning out of the wagon to call father to come take the baby, as the driver wanted her to walk, when her feet slipped and she was run over and severely injured. We traveled on four days after she was hurt. Arriving at Fort Laramie, they placed mother in an old log house, which had no doors or windows. There I was left with a helpless mother, a sick baby, and all the children to take care of. There were seven in the family. Though only twelve years old, I was up nearly every night with the sick baby. Father had to work at the Fort for our bread. The Indians were very friendly. Some came every day to see if they could do something to help us; and many times I have walked with them to the Fort.

I am sure, however, that the Lord was with us and blessed us. One day, as I was frying bacon, I poured the hot grease into a cup and set it upon a high shelf. My little brother, nine years old, wanting a drink, reached up for the cup and spilled the hot grease on his face. I grabbed the bucket of water and threw it on him. The hot grease left no sign of a burn.

We stayed there two weeks. Some apostate Mormons in the Fort talked Father into the notion of going back to Omaha. The night before we were to leave, mother had a dream, or vision. She dreamed that a man came and stood by her bed and told her not to go back, but to go to Zion. (There were no ox-teams there then, and we thought there would be none.) This old man had long white hair and a long white beard. He stood by mother's bed, and told her there would be two ox-trains the next day, and that she and her family were to go on to Zion, and not turn back.

The next day when the wagon came to take us back to Omaha, mother would not go; and that same day one ox-train came in. There was a ferry half a mile from where we lived. Father went down to see the Captain. The Captain told him they could not possibly take us because they were already overloaded. While Father was there the other ox-train drove in.

This Captain told him the same thing. Father came home much disappointed, but mother never lost hope. She said, "We're going. The trains have come, as the man told me, and I know we're going." I was out getting dinner on a camp fire, when I saw a wagon coming. I ran into the house and told Father they were coming for us. Mother was still so bad from her injuries that it hurt her to travel; and I had to hold my little sister, because she was so ill. She died the third day after we had started. As small as I was, I had to wash her, put a little gown on her, and sew a cloth around her, in which to be buried in the ground with no coffin. No one came to help me and mother was not able to. Father helped mother out of the wagon, and from that day on she walked the rest of the way. Many a night I have lain and held a quilt over mother to keep her dry from the rain.

Joseph F. Smith was in the same company with us. He was just coming home from a mission to England. Every morning he would come over to see how mother was and would bring her a little sugar or what dainties he could, and help in any way. Father, my little brother nine years old, and I, used to go ahead. We would catch fish in the small streams. Towards camping time I would gather up, along the road, buffalo chips in my apron, and carry them to the camp ground to burn. When I would get tired carrying one load, I would throw them down and rest awhile before gathering more.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on October 8, 1863. I was then thirteen. We had traveled six months, having left on the 1st of April.

We knew no one, and did not know what to do or where to go. The wagon we were in was going to Lehi, so we went with it. We all stripped cane or did any work we could, to get something to eat. That winter Father could not get work in Lehi, but found work in Draper. The rest of us stayed in Lehi. Mother and I went into the hills and gathered carrot sage brush to burn. When the snow fell, I went into the fields and, with snow to my knees, I dragged out willows and laid them in piles; then we would get a man to haul them to our place for half of them. I was small for my age, but very strong. In the spring of 1864 we moved to Draper.

Here my hard times commenced. I hired out for a man, working out in a field three months and three weeks, till I could not stand it any longer. I quit, and they would not pay me anything because I left them. They had given me an old dress made out of denims, and the lady had taken my clothes, although she later denied this. Every noon I had to draw water out of a deep well for thirteen head of calves, while the man and wife went into the house to rest. After dinner I had to go back into the field and pitch hay and do all kinds of man's work. That winter I

went to school to Dr. Park for three months. This was all the schooling I ever had.

I worked out for four years, helping to support the family. Then, growing tired of working for different people, I decided to be my own boss. On October 26, 1867, I was married to David Pulsipher, a member of the Mormon Battalion.

My life was a struggle, both before and after marriage. The first year we were married our best horse was stolen. This left us with only one horse. The next year the grasshoppers came. Sometimes they were so thick that we could not see the sun. My husband went to work on the railroad, making the grading. We had a little grain left, which the grasshoppers did not get. Getting a man to cut the grain I raked it. He bound, and I shocked it.

We lived in a log house with one room and a dirt roof. In 1873 my husband was called to help settle Arizona. While he was gone, my third boy was born. The colonists did not find anything where they were told to go, so they came back. We were called, and left Draper in October, 1879. We now had five boys. We arrived at Concho, Arizona, in December. Here we had grasshoppers again. We had plenty of flour when we left, but there were so many without flour that we divided with them and soon we had none. We got some barley, paying $6.50 for it; hauled it eighteen miles to be ground, and lived for nine weeks on ground barley. The first flour we got there we paid $12.00 a hundred for, and many gave a cow for a hundred pounds of flour. Soda was 50c a package. The first two years the grasshoppers took our grain.

In 1880 I was appointed second counselor to Sister Killian in the Relief Society. I worked in it for 20 years. I also worked in the Primary with Helena Kempe. We were there two years when my husband took rheumatism in both hands. Most of the time he was helpless. He got so bad with rheumatism that for seventeen years I had to wash and dress him. I had eight boys, when scarlet fever came and I lost two of my children in one month. Another was left with dropsy. When my husband took rheumatism I took in sewing from the Mexicans and made dresses for one dollar apiece.

We lived in a Mexican house for five years until my husband and boys could build one. My husband's hands were so crippled that he had to use both of them to drive a nail. The boys, the oldest being fourteen, made the adobes, and did most of the building. I hired a Mexican woman to plaster the house when it was ready. This was our first house; it had three rooms. We lived on cornmeal and graham bread for a long, long time. The oldest boy said, "I'm tired of graham; I'm going to raise wheat." The first wheat we raised was tramped out or shelled by horses stepping back and forth over it.

In 1892 I lost a little girl, twenty-one months old. I also lost a son in 1895, twenty-two years old, killed by a horse falling on him. One of my other sons left for a mission to Texas in 1899. My husband died in 1900; but I did not want my son to leave his mission work, so one of my boys and I went to the Gila Valley in the southern part of Arizona to find work. My son stayed in the mission field for twenty-eight months. By the year 1905 all the children were married but my baby girl. In 1906 I moved down to the Gila Valley, worked in Globe and Morenci, and bought me a little home in Pima, Arizona. There I was put in as Relief Society Teacher. My oldest son died in 1917. I came to Provo, Utah, in 1917; and my baby girl was married in June, 1917, but died in 1918. Then I went back to Pima, but returned in 1921 to Provo and bought me a little home.

I am the mother of eleven children, four of whom are still living.

Our Dauntless West

By Myrtle Janson

Hail, land of our Western homes,
Against whose rugged rocks the grand Pacific foams,
What wonder that our fathers bled and died for you!
We your loyal children would so strive, too,
Were we called as they.

Land of promise, land of glory,
Land of thrilling, adventurous story;
Land of freedom, land of dreams,
Land where white the heaven-soul gleams
We adore Thee.

Land of cattle, sheep and grain,
Of sturdy men who toil, yet seek but honest gain;
Land of sage, of stalwart pine,
Land of roses, and heaven's sunshine,
We glorify Thee.

Land of gleaming deserts, wooded hills;
Land of meadow-larks and trilling whippoorwills;
Land of painted cliffs, precipitous,
Land of snow-capped mountains, gorgeous,
God's land; we worship Thee.

Land of refuge, land of progress,
Land of eager, dauntless prowess;
Land of heroes, musicians, poets,
Land of seers, of inspired prophets,
Thee we sanctify.

Elizabeth Mary Clegg Brown

By Louetta Brown

Elizabeth Mary Clegg Brown, a daughter of pioneer parents, Benjamin Clegg of Oldham, England, and Grace McIntyre of Millport, Scotland, was born December 8, 1854, at Tooele, Utah.

At the age of seventeen years she married James Stephens Brown, a member of the famous Mormon Battalion who was a pioneer and one of the original discoverers of gold at Sutter's Fort, California. The family was of moderate means and endured the hardships of pioneering Utah's arid valleys. Her husband served on several missions among the Indians and became expert as an interpreter of Indian languages. He was a missionary to England and also to the South Sea Islands. He went on his second mission to the Society Islands fifty years after his first mission among the natives. He filled many preaching missions for the Church among the organized stakes and was known as one of the ablest advocates of Mormonism.

Mrs. Brown, during the absence of her husband, remained at home where her time was occupied in earning a livelihood and in rearing her family.

The writer remembers well her stories of pioneer days and

particularly of watching the seagulls gather upon her father's farm where they gorged themselves with crickets which were devouring the crops and then fly away toward the shore of the Great Salt Lake, disgorge themselves and return and repeat their work until the fields were completely cleared of the destructive plague.

When provisions were scarce, she, with others, gathered sego bulbs to add to their food supply, as many were compelled to do in early days. The endurance and resourcefulness required by our parents and grandparents in settling and redeeming the barren waste, fill us with wonder and gratitude. We hardly understand how they could endure the privations and hardships incident to those trying times.

Having married at an early age, she had little opportunity of attending school. Her education was gained through actual experience. She was inclined to study and all through her life was a great reader and at the time of her death could converse well on matters of history, current events and national affairs.

She was the mother of six children, Lillious Mary, Gaurdello, Mark Clegg, Benjamin Joseph, Louetta and Myrtle Junetta. She died May 20, 1927.

During her life she spent much of her time in Relief Society work. For thirty years she was a Relief Society block teacher, and for a time was president of the Relief Society of the Seventeenth Ward of the Salt Lake Stake. She was known for her generosity and genial disposition and for her abiding faith in the providence of God and the immortality of the soul. She was modest, thrifty and saving, an ideal home maker, a true mother and a devoted wife. No hungry or distressed person was ever turned from her door without aid. She was true to her convictions during favorable or trying times and her last words were, "The Lord's will, not mine, be done."

She was a member of Camp Seventeen of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. It was said of her, at the time of her demise, by Elder Arthur F. Barnes, a life-long friend and neighbor and a former member of the bishopric of her ward, "She was loved by all who knew her, and those who knew her best, loved her most."

She is survived by two sons, two daughters, sixteen grandchildren and the following named brothers and sisters, Benjamin Clegg of Grace, Idaho, Peter M. Clegg of Tooele City, Utah, Mrs. Grace Bell of Tooele City, Utah, Mrs. Amelia Pickett of Burley, Idaho, and Mrs. Eliza Hale of Logan, Utah.

The sacred esteem in which she was held by all of her children is lovingly expressed in the following Mother's Day contribution to her by her son Mark:

MY MOTHER DEAR

Of all the blessings that I know,
And all the friends that come and go,
Nor all the sunsets and the flowers
And shady nooks and sunny bowers,
And all the beauties of the spring
Where lilies bloom and wild birds sing,
And all the babbling brooks that flow
From mountain tops of ice and snow,
No—nothing that I see or hear
Can take your place—*My Mother Dear.*

Like a Quiet Stream

By Gwenevere Anderson

Mr. Marsden had driven into Salt Lake City from his pioneer homestead forty miles away to get a new rocking-chair and some sugar. The drive had been a long one, so he stayed over night with some friends. As he was starting for home the next morning, he came to a party of Mormon emigrants who had just arrived from their long journey across the plains. He stopped to speak to their captain, and ask him news of the Saints farther east. As they talked, a little six-year-old girl ran up to the captain and caught hold of his hand. It was then that he told Mr. Marsden this story:

The family had set out from Holland to come to Utah for their religion. Mr. and Mrs. Van Dam, the child's parents, had had a pleasant little home in their native Dutch village, and had been happy there with their four children. But their faith called them to give up home and country. Herbert, the oldest boy, was nearly eleven—old enough to help with the younger children on the long voyage. The family parted from their friends and set out on a slow sailing vessel for the new land. The ocean crossed, they started across the plains in wagons drawn by ox-teams. Before many miles had been traveled, Father Van Dam died, and left the young mother to go on alone with the children. How tedious and lonely the journey must have been for her! Ill and exhausted from the hardships encountered and heart-broken by the loss of her husband, she never lived to see the Zion of her faith. Before the plains were crossed, she gave up her life soon after another little girl was born. The other emigrants brought the five children and the aged grandparents with them to Salt Lake City.

"We don't know how to provide for the family," the captain

finished. "Sister Thurston has been caring for the baby, and she wants to keep it, and the youngest of the others. The boy can probably work and help us here. But what we shall do with this little girl and her sister, who is eight, I don't know. I would be glad to adopt her, but we haven't yet made our home, and it is hard to see clearly how we are to provide for these orphans."

Brother Marsden's heart was touched as he listened to the story.

"I have my home made," he said. "I'll take her home with me and treat her as my own."

"I'll take her sister," spoke up his companion, Brother Johnson. "If she's eight, she'll probably be old enough to help with the work."

That journey to her new home must have been strange and wonderful to little Lottie Van Dam. The stretching sagebrush flats were a contrast indeed to the green and flowering land of Holland. Sitting up on the high spring-seat of the wagon beside the austere though kind pioneer who had resolved to give her a home, she must have felt afraid and lonely.

In the evening. they arrived at the big homestead, with its log cabin surrounded by young trees. Beyond the house were the sheds and barns, and fields of meadow-land. Beyond them. the sagebrush stretched away to the mountains.

"Here's a little girl I brought home with me, Mother," Lottie's benefactor called as he swung her down from the wagon. "Her father and mother are dead."

"My, how dusty and ragged she looks," said Mother Marsden. "Come in, child, and I'll clean you up."

But little Lottie only looked in a bewildered way from one to the other. She knew not a word of English and they not a word of Dutch.

She soon learned the language, though, for she was quick and bright, and she played and prattled all the day with the Marsdens' five-year-old son.

As Lottie grew up, she worked hard to show her gratitude to the people who had given her a home. The Marsden babies looked upon her as their real older sister, and with good reason. She was their fun-loving playmate and patient nurse. Many times, she carried a baby in one arm, while she swept the floors or pounded the dasher of the churn up and down with the other. In return, Mr. Marsden kept his promise to "treat her as his own." He and his wife loved Lottie as a daughter.

Life was not easy in a pioneer ranch-house on the edge of the desert. On washdays water had to be carried from the spring below the house. The cows had to be milked, and the big pans of milk put in the little room over the spring, so that the cream would rise. The porches and floors were kept clean by

scrubbing them with sand and lye until the boards were quite smooth and yellow.

Lottie learned housekeeping by the simple process of experience. Mother Marsden trained her in the rudiments of reading and writing, and for a little while during one or two winters, Lottie went to school in a nearby town; but as a general rule, there was no time for "formal education." There were many other more useful things to be learned—how to sew, to keep house, how to weave rag rugs and make quilts, how to bake and cook and churn, and how to care for babies. The work-day began when the sun came up or before, and ended after dark. The Marsden children, all younger than Lottie, needed care and help, and Lottie's kind heart loved them deeply and her capable hands tended them patiently.

At last the Marsden girls were old enough to help their mother, and Lottie was given the opportunity to go away for a year of schooling. She was so thrilled that her hands trembled and she could hardly fasten the straps of her "telescope." When the school year was over, she came back to her faithful duties. She always tried to determine what it was her duty to do, and then she did it.

The Marsdens' home was two miles from their nearest neighbors', and Lottie had few intimate friends of her own age. Two miles was rather too far to walk to seek companionship when there was always so much work to be done. If there was a dance or a ward-social in the nearby village, Lottie was nearly always too tired to go. She was past the age when most pioneer girls married. Probably her friends said, "Lottie will make a good wife for some man. She is so sweet-tempered and kind and such a capable housekeeper. It seems too bad for her to become an old maid."

Among the many people who came to the Marsdens' to visit, or stopped to spend the night on their way farther west, there were very few of Lottie's own age—most of them were much older. In spite of this, she was rarely lonely—she was too busy for that.

The doors of that pioneer home were always open to both friends and strangers. When John Rogers came to spend a few days, Mr. Marsden welcomed him with especial pleasure. John was a man of quiet disposition—respected, upright, kindly. He was old enough to be established in life. Humor, intelligence and refinement in a woman meant more to him than pretty clothes and graceful dancing. Perhaps his eyes followed Lottie as she hurried quietly about the house doing her work. Perhaps, too, he heard how sweetly and patiently her voice answered the younger members of the family. At any rate, he fell in love with Lottie. He came more and more often to the big homestead, and it was

obviously not to talk with Mr. Marsden about cattle. After a few months, John and Lottie were married. Very thrilled and happy, Lottie packed her few homespun clothes to move to her new home in Salt Lake City.

The experience in housekeeping which she had gained in her younger days was very useful to her. John always came to a neat, pleasant little house, a good supper, and a smiling wife. In return, he tried to make the work easy for her. His truest pleasure was to see her eyes shine when he brought home a present for her—a pot of flowers, or a new dress or shawl.

"You look pretty in that," he said one night, when Lottie was wearing a new grey silk he had bought for her.

"I love it, but I feel almost guilty when I wear it, John," she answered, thinking of the many "handed-down" dresses she had made over, turning them inside out to hide the faded spots. It seemed almost wicked to her to have a new silk dress all her own. She would have been happier if she had made over one of her old dresses and seen one of her younger sisters in the new silk.

They were very happy together for a few years. All their neighbors were their friends. Lottie's lively sense of humor lightened John's more sober, quiet disposition.

A few years—and then Lottie was left a widow. She had always loved children so much and made friends with them so easily and had none of her own. Instead, she seemed like a mother to all the children in the neighborhood. In the mornings, Lottie hurried about her house, systematically and deftly doing the work. In the afternoons, she often worked in her garden. She seemed to have a special power with flowers, and she loved to plant them and tend them until they came into bloom. Perhaps her ancestors in Holland had been flower-growers. The children coming home from school used to run into her yard to tell "Aunt Lottie" of their little adventures, and to coax her to give them bouquets. They never failed to find her interested in what they were doing, and seldom did one go home without at least one flower. Somehow in the midst of her busy mind she reserved a place to remember all the little hobbies dear to each one, and even to remember their birthdays. Not long ago, a neighbor who called, found Lottie, after a hard day's work, packing birthday presents to send to some of the children who had grown up and moved to California.

When one of her neighbors and his wife had to leave town before school was out and go out to their farm, their children stayed with "Aunt Lottie" in order to finish their school. She made her home so pleasant to them that they hardly missed being away from their own. She always cared for the neighborhood children while their mothers were busy or ill.

All her life, Lottie has thought of others before herself. Even as a girl, she was a peacemaker of the family. There is never a sick-bed in the neighborhood that she does not visit with loving helpfulness. There is never a woman in distress whom she does not comfort. "She is the saving angel of our neighborhood," one of her neighbors said in gratitude.

Lottie had always been fragile physically. When she was scarcely forty, a very serious illness caused her months of anguished suffering and nearly took her life. Perhaps she would have died, had it not been that she had always lived simply and hygienically. After several serious operations, she recovered, but her hearing was impaired. It steadily grew worse, and soon she was almost entirely deaf. Each Sunday some one of her many friends in the ward goes to Church with her and writes down the sermon. She bears her sufferings patiently and without complaint. One of her friends says of her, "If most women had endured what she has, they would have been dead ten years ago." Her patience and faith have enabled her to bear loneliness and suffering. Undaunted by the misfortune of losing her hearing, she who had loved music and friendly talk went on with her quiet, good life.

Lottie is a frail little woman, but so agile that you would never guess her to be seventy. She still prefers walking to riding, even when her walk is several miles long. Anatole France said, "time deals gently with those who take it gently." Aunt Lottie does not seem so old as her years say she is. She has always been patient and uncomplaining—she has "Taken time gently." Her hair is grey, but her face still looks at the world with a young interest. She laughs often. In her face, which conceals nothing, are written the joys and sorrows of a sympathetic and sincere nature. The wrinkles of her face are not deep lines, but only the permanent marks of the expressions of her personality.

Her clothes are up-to-date in style, but somehow she has never lost a bit of a quaint old-fashioned look. It cannot be her clothes that give it. It must be the sweetness of her face—making one think of patchwork quilts on four-poster beds and of chests of linen scented with lavendar.

Somehow, an expression in her eyes dominates her sweet face. There is something behind their smile that seems to be questioning and searching hungrily. They look out from a sensitive, sympathetic personality, shut off in loneliness from the things that are sounding all about her.

No trumpets ever blare to announce Lottie's accomplishments. No heralds shout her name down the streets. But, for all that, many "rise up and call her blessed."

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Social Service Items

National Conference of Social Work:

The Relief Society was represented at the National Conference of Social Work, held in Memphis, Tennessee, May 2-9, by the following members of the staff of the Welfare Department: Miss Genevieve Thornton, Mrs. Annie D. Palmer and Miss Helen Midgley. Miss Thornton and Mrs. Palmer were especially interested in the sections where administrative work, professional standards, and family and health problems were discussed, while Miss Midgley attended meetings and discussions on Employment, with its interrelated problems. There were a number of additional delegates from other social agencies in the community.

Noted Visitor:

A most interesting visitor to Salt Lake City recently was Miss Helen Pidgeon, of Washington, D. C., executive secretary of the International Association of Policewomen. A luncheon meeting was arranged in her honor by the social workers of the city, when Miss Pidgeon spoke on "The Service of Policewomen." She emphasized the importance of well trained policewomen in all the police departments of the country, and in speaking of the necessary preparation for the work, she emphasized, among other things, the need of social case work training. Miss Pidgeon said the great ideal in the work of the policewoman is protective preventive work. She gave examples of excellent results obtained where communities are properly and adequately supplied with efficient policewomen.

West Recognized:

The General Secretary of the Relief Society was recently asked by Miss S. P. Breckinridge to give her views on the present use of volunteer social workers in the United States. Miss Breckinridge, who is a professor in the School of Social Service Administration of the University of Chicago, was preparing a paper on this subject to read at the International Conference of Social Work in France.

In a number of the wards of the Relief Society the two-act play, "Past Echoes and Present Pep," was used as a part of the anniversary day program. Following are pictures of four different casts of characters.

"BIBLICAL MOTHERS' PAGEANT" PRESENTED BY THE WELLSVILLE 2ND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ON MARCH 17, 1928.

Benson Stake:

Benson stake is succeeding in interesting more young mothers than ever before, due largely to the excellent class teaching. The teachers' conventions have been a source of real inspiration. At the last convention the following teachers' motto was adopted: "Love One Another—To Do This I Must Speak No Ill." A thousand little cards were printed and distributed among the Relief Society teachers of the stake. They were asked always to carry one of these cards when making their visits. An interesting contest is being carried on in the stake sponsored by the Relief Society, in regard to attendance at sacrament meeting. An attendance banner is being passed from ward to ward monthly, as it is merited. Health clinics will again be held in the very near future. On the 17th of March a stake social for the organization was held, with 650 people in attendance. It consisted of pageantry, drama and social dancing. The pageant entitled "The Women of the Bible," was written by one of the local workers, Mrs. Jessie Mourtenson of the Amalga ward. The music was arranged and conducted by Mrs. Bertha Mathers and Clara Sparks, both of Smithfield.

Sevier Stake:

Excellent programs for the anniversary of the Relief Society were given in each of the wards in the afternoon of March 17, and in the evening a stake dance was given at the Anona Pavilion, where prizes were awarded for the best performance of the old-fashioned dances. There was a large attendance, and an enjoyable time was had.

WASATCH STAKE, MIDWAY FIRST AND SECOND WARDS, MARCH 17, 1928. CAST: "PAST ECHOES AND PRESENT PEP."

Parowan Stake:

At the recent Parowan stake conference, which was partly a Priesthood convention, the women's session, for which the Relief Society furnished the speakers, was so interesting and successful that the officers were asked to take the program to the wards which had not been able to attend conference. This has been done, and all the wards in the stake have had the benefit of the splendid talks given by the Relief Society women on "A More Abundant Life—(a) Health (mental and physical), (b) Cultural and Spiritual, (c) Recognition of Relative Values." The Bishops were very kind in allowing the program to be given in the Sunday afternoon meetings.

The 17th of March observance, while always good, was especially fine in all the wards this year. Pageants, programs, plays and other enjoyable features were given. The special activity this year in the Parowan stake is the reading and study of the *Book of Mormon*. The fine showing made last season in planting flowers, shrubs, etc., shows all signs of being followed up this year, and with the same enthusiasm.

Beaver Stake:

The 17th of March was fittingly observed in the wards of Beaver stake. In Beaver City the two wards combined in a dramatic production. The beautiful one-act play "Cornelia's Jewels" from the November 1926 *Relief Society Magazine,* was presented by the Beaver West ward Relief Society, followed by a very interesting comedy, "Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea," by members of the East ward Relief Society.

NORTH DAVIS STAKE, KAYSVILLE WARD, MARCH 17, 1928
CAST: "PAST ECHOES AND PRESENT PEP."

BEAR LAKE STAKE, PARIS SECOND WARD, MARCH 17, 1928.
CAST: "PAST ECHOES AND PRESENT PEP."

BIG HORN STAKE, LOVELL WEST WARD, MARCH 17, 1928.
CAST: "PAST ECHOES AND PRESENT PEP."

Nebo Stake Reorganized:

At the quarterly conference of the Nebo stake, held March 26, 1928, Mrs. Hepsy S. Lewis was released as president due to change of residence, and Mrs. May Harding was sustained as her

successor. Mrs. Lewis, who has labored so efficiently, and who, with her workers, has accomplished so much for this stake, was honored by her board members with a banquet followed by a quilting bee, at which time a beautiful and artistic quilt was made and presented to the guest of honor. Her board members also served in the temple for her on May 20th. On May 23 the new stake board, under the direction and supervision of the new president, Mrs. Harding, gave an elaborate social, which was held in the stake tabernacle. A banquet prepared and served by the presidencies of the nine ward Relief Societies in the stake was the first feature of the program. Place cards bearing a photograph of Mrs. Hepsy Lewis, retiring president, were placed for sixty. Mrs. Mary Curtis was toastmistress, and the following toasts were responded to: The Relief Society, To the retiring board, Loyalty and service, The teachers and their work, The class leaders, Ward president and officers, Reminiscences, The new stake board. Short talks were given by Mrs. Lewis and Arza C. Page of the stake presidency. A program from the Payson wards included readings and musical numbers. A general hand shake concluded the entertainment.

Teachers' Cards:

Following are cards prepared and used as teachers' creeds:

BLACKFOOT STAKE

Relief Society Visiting Teacher

MY CREED

I will prayerfully study the outlines before visiting.
I will keep to my subject.
I will scatter sunshine.
I will not gossip.
I will bring one new member into the Relief Society this year.
I will attend my meetings regularly as an example to those whom I visit.

GRANITE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

My Duty and Privilege as a Visiting Teacher

Is:
To be dependable.
To make prayerful preparation for my visits.
To deliver my message.
To leave my troubles at home.
To speak no ill.
To be a mother in my district.
To live worthy of my calling.
To attend all my Relief Society meetings.

To take sunshine into the homes I visit.
To look for something beautiful in every home.
To attend Sacrament meetings.
To think of Christ, our Savior, every day.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in September)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER—THE HOME

The Home as an Educational Institution

"For every child let truth spring from the earth, and justice and mercy look down from heaven."

I. Home largely determines direction of child's education.
   1. Use of choice language and well modulated voices in the home.
   2. Discussion of current topics and subjects of an elevating nature.
   3. Individuals receive preparation in the home to take their places as social beings.
      a. Teaches civic responsibilities and opportunities, respect for authority, obedience to law, loyalty, self-restraint, the conforming of his will to the will of others, self-control, temperance, courtesy, honesty, etc.

"Neither life nor the getting of a living but the living together, this, must be the single public end."

SCOWCROFT'S
Blue Pine Preserves

Are composed of only pure fruit and sugar cooked together in an open kettle just as you would make preserves in your own home.

For something special ask your grocer for SCOWCROFT'S Blue Pine Raspberry Preserve. It has the flavor of fresh berries.

Kitchen King Jam

Is composed of pure fruit, sugar and pectin in proper proportions to make a delicious jam. Try Kitchen King Raspberry Jam for a delicious spread.

Wedding Bells
Always Ring in June

Our advice to those who may be concerned:

Right now is the time to decide who will make your Announcements or Invitations. You should entrust this work to a firm that assures you the newest in style and correctness in taste.

See us now or send for samples and prices of Printed, New Process Embossed or Engraved Wedding Stationery.

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